

American

SEPTEMBER 1953

MERCURY

The **TRUTH** *about*

MUSKOGEE PUBLIC LIBRARY
MUSKOGEE, OKLAHOMA

**JOE
McARTHUR**

Plus outstanding articles by ALAN DEVOE,
GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT, NELSON FRANK,
HARRY BRUNDIDGE, HOWARD RUSHMORE,
PATRICK McMAHON, *and others*

35 CENTS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MERCURY *Reprints . . .*

Communism and the Colleges*

TIME Marches on McCarthy

KOREA: A Positive Proposal

What Is "Guilt By Association"?

Reds and our Churches

War Bonds—More Delusions of
Security

The Korean Failure

The AMERICAN MERCURY sells more reprints
than any other magazine in America

10 copies.....	\$1.00	50 copies.....	\$3.00
25 copies.....	\$2.00	100 copies.....	\$5.50
1,000.....	\$45.00		

*COMMUNISM AND THE COLLEGES, a 36-page booklet, is 25 cents per copy. Special prices for quantities of more than 100 quoted on application.



THE AMERICAN MERCURY

11 East 36th Street
New York 16, N. Y.

American

MERCURY

SEPTEMBER 1953

The Truth about Joe McCarthy	<i>Harold Lord Varney</i>	3
Russia and the Middle East	<i>Jules Kagian</i>	13
Down to Earth: The Abbot Talks to Tigers	<i>Alan Devoe</i>	18
What Ever Became of the Hoover Report?	<i>James E. Warner</i>	22
The New England Hired Man	<i>James A. Dodd</i>	27
Red China's Narcotics Traffic	<i>George Fielding Eliot</i>	31
Queer Cargoes By Air	<i>Trevor Holloway</i>	38
Slander Not Thy Mother's Son	<i>Rosa Meyerhoff</i>	41
Washington's Biggest Lobby	<i>Patrick McMahon</i>	43
The Wounded Warrior	<i>Morgan M. Miles</i>	49
Prophet With Honor — The Story of Martin Dies	<i>Howard Rushmore</i>	52
The Modern Barbary Coast	<i>Bayne Wilson</i>	57
I've Got Those Cobalt Blues	<i>Joseph Stocker</i>	59
European Defense — Seen from Another Angle	<i>Robert Ingram</i>	61
The Wild West Starts on Fifth Avenue	<i>Janet Williams</i>	67
Are We Rocking the Boat?	<i>Frank Ball</i>	69
Do You Know That —	<i>Nora de Toledano</i>	72
Mrs. Smith Comes to Washington	<i>Elizabeth Churchill</i>	73
Adolphus Busch — Master Brewer	<i>Harry T. Brundidge</i>	77
Village Reborn	<i>A. A. Hoehling</i>	82
From Caves to Cafés	<i>Betty Diehl and Thomas D'Amico</i>	85
The Store Downtown	<i>Harry Thompson</i>	91
Benjamin Mandel Keeps Working	<i>Nelson Frank</i>	93
Applied Psychology	<i>Guro Bjornson</i>	98
Quiz Kid Extraordinary	<i>Ed Quarrington</i>	99
With the Foreign Legion in Indo-China	<i>Paul Nohren</i>	101
A Miracle	<i>Lynn Clifford Golberg</i>	106
Sound on Disc		107
In Defense of Divorce	<i>Anonymous</i>	109
The Fadli Sultan	<i>J. H. W. Kerston</i>	115
Are You Hiding Uncle Sam's Gold in Your Teeth?	<i>Howard M. Duffy</i>	120
One Story the Tabloids Couldn't Touch	<i>William R. Peer</i>	121
I Don't Like Cats	<i>Hugh Robert Orr</i>	126
The Strange Story of Nicholas Trist	<i>Frank L. Baer</i>	130
Books in Review	<i>Frank S. Meyer</i>	134

THIRTIETH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

11 EAST 36th STREET • NEW YORK



RUSSELL MAGUIRE
Chairman of the Board

JOHN A. CLEMENTS
Editor and Publisher

JOSEPH B. BREED
Managing Editor

PATRICK McMAHON
Washington Editor

Contributing Editors

C. D. BATCHELOR
HARRY BRUNDIDGE
WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.
ALAN DEVOE

JOSEPH F. DRURY, JR.
GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT
J. B. MATTHEWS
FRANK S. MEYER

HOWARD RUSHMORE

ROBERT HODGSON
Business Manager

ALMA E. DREWES
Subscription Manager

LOIS HANSEN
ADRIENNE SUDDARD
Editorial Assistants



Published monthly by the American Mercury Magazine, Inc. at 35 cents a copy. Annual subscription \$4.00 in U. S. and possessions; \$4.50 in Canada; \$5.00 in all other countries. Publication office, 10 Ferry St., Concord, N. H. Editorial and General Offices, 11 East 36th Street, New York 16, N. Y. Printed in the U.S.A. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Concord, N. H., September 29, 1936, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Copyright 1953 by American Mercury Magazine, Inc. All rights, including translation into other languages, reserved. Protection secured under the International Copyright Convention and the Pan American Copyright Convention. No articles may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission. The American Mercury is not responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts unless a stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed.

The Truth about Joe McCarthy

By Harold Lord Varney

THAT hacksaw noise we hear these days in the political atmosphere is not static: it is just some Left Wing or New Deal organization indignantly denouncing Senator Joe McCarthy.



Scarcely a day passes that some portside group does not meet somewhere to pass outraged resolutions against McCarthyism.

Respected public leaders like Senator Lehman, ex-Attorney General Biddle or Averill Harriman, who should know better, join in the ballyhoo with all the lustiness of a 13th Street Communist parading Union Square. Swivel-minded college professors and Leftist churchmen shriek "witch hunt." Civil liberties careerists lift fraudulent cries of rights violations. From

overseas come the agitated words of Clement Attlee and Bertrand Russell, warning that Britain doesn't like McCarthy.

Even a Republican voice, like Henry R. Luce's *Life*, superciliously dismisses McCarthyism as a "venial sin."

For cold, malevolent hate, focused against a major political figure, this current political lynching bee against Joe McCarthy has few parallels in the long history of the United States of America.

What is behind this obsessed and very peculiar performance?

It would be easy to dismiss it all as a mere political maneuver of the New Deal "outs" to make an issue. Undoubtedly a certain amount of calculated partisanship does underlie

the anti-McCarthy uproar, although the denouncers must be singularly bad trend-readers if they have failed to perceive that the Senator has tidal support. But politics is only a part of the story.

Actually, McCarthy's real offense, to his smearers, is his amazing effectiveness as a battler against Communism. The whole smug crew which led America into a disastrous pro-Russian policy between 1941 and 1949 hates McCarthy with a corrosive hate because he has pitilessly identified the high-placed Government officials who were responsible for the betrayal.

WHAT has set McCarthy off from most of his anti-Red predecessors has been his continuous preoccupation with the men behind the Communists. He has not stopped with the official card-carrying Stalinites. He has clearly perceived that the deadliest work against American security has been done, not by the Dennises and the Fosters, but by the Jessups, the Carter Vincents, and the Lattimores who had official power; and he has directed his heaviest shafts against them.

Others before him have recognized the role of these men in the total Communist picture, but they have been baffled by the problem of how to unmask them. The striped-pants pro-Communists in the State Department and elsewhere were bulwarked by powerful political friends, reaching even to the White

House. They operated behind an impressive façade of power and respectability. They seemed impregnable strong, especially in 1949, on the eve of the McCarthy charges, when Jessup tossed off the notorious White Paper justifying the delivery of China to the Communists.

What differentiated McCarthy from most of his colleagues was that he was never fooled by the façade. He recognized from the start that the Russia-firsters were running a terrific bluff: that under their insolent personal assurance they were actually a mob of frightened men who would collapse dismally before a bold frontal attack. His achievement is that, almost single-handedly, he made the assault, and his targets went down before him like a row of ninepins.

Today, the once-bullying State Department pro-Communist junta has been reduced to a rabble of whimpering men, each protesting lividly that he has always been an anti-Communist.

Communism and its train of well-wishers in America will never forgive Joe McCarthy for doing this.

To see the controversy over McCarthyism in its true perspective, it is necessary to imagine what Washington would be like today if there had been no McCarthy. The Senator's fight since 1950 has not been a disconnected event. It has been the peak of an anti-Communist effort which has been waged in Washington for over fifteen years,

usually with disheartening unsuccess. The facts which McCarthy has hurled against the friends of Russia with such explosiveness have been compiled by many men, working obscurely through the years. Unfortunately, before McCarthy, they had lacked some necessary dynamism to be effective. Until he smashed through the pro-Russian redoubts, it was usually the anti-Reds, not the Reds, who were in the pillory and on the defensive.

How many good men and women have knocked themselves out in the last two decades trying to arouse the American people to the Communist threat would be an interesting inquiry. These discards of the anti-Communist movement are all about us.

Among the first to learn the sharp edge of Leftist reprisals was Martin Dies. Projected into the chairmanship of the House Committee on Un-American Activities in 1939, Mr. Dies, with the assistance of such outstanding authorities on Communism as Dr. J. B. Matthews, launched a searching and unsparing inquiry into all aspects of the Communist conspiracy. As early as October 19, 1941, Mr. Dies sent to Attorney General Biddle the names of 1,121 United States Government employees who had Communist records. It is interesting to note that on this list was the name of Alger Hiss — three and a half years before the President picked Hiss to go

to the Yalta conference with him.

But the "Trust Russia" policy was already exercising a mesmeric spell over Washington, and Mr. Dies' startling disclosures ended in a pigeonhole. The immediate reaction to the Dies anti-Communist aggressiveness was to touch off a vigorous campaign, secretly supported by top Administration figures, to abolish the Committee. In the 77th, 78th, and 79th Congresses, the Committee was forced to defend itself against a virtual barrage of agitation, organized by the Communist Party, to coerce Congress into cutting off the Committee appropriation. The names which were signed to the giant appeal to Congress to abolish the Committee sound like a roll call of the present denouncers of McCarthy. Congress refused to be frightened by this synthetic demonstration, but it served its purpose of discrediting the Committee's prestige among the uninformed.

Unsuccessful in getting rid of the Committee, the friends of Communism eventually succeeded in getting rid of Mr. Dies himself. Wearied by his thankless task, which he had shouldered patriotically for six years, Chairman Dies voluntarily retired from Congress in 1945. After an absence of eight years, he returned to the House this year as a Congressman-at-large, but he is no longer a member of the Committee on Un-American Activities.

One of Mr. Dies' successors, J.

Parnell Thomas, met an even more painful ordeal. Thomas's chairmanship in the 80th Congress was distinguished by a full-dress exposé of the Communist rottenness in Hollywood. It was climaxed by the citation, and later imprisonment, of the "Hollywood Ten" — all top-bracket, big-studio screen writers.

THE FACTS which Mr. Thomas and his colleagues made public are now fully authenticated, and have been confirmed by the almost Dostoevsky-like confessions and self-flagellations of numerous Hollywood notables. But when Mr. Thomas began his probings, the movie colony was still Communist-ridden: it had only recently emerged from the war-time dementia that witnessed such incredible productions as "Mission to Moscow" and "Song of Russia." Such pioneer Hollywood Communist-challengers as Howard Emmet Rogers, John Lee Mahin, James K. McGuinness, Rupert Hughes, Morrie Ryskind, Robert Montgomery, and Adolphe Menjou were still minority voices. Mr. Thomas found himself committing the political error of prematurity.

He compounded his offense, in Leftist eyes, when the Committee, under his chairmanship, put Elizabeth Bentley and Whittaker Chambers on the stand and tore open the Hiss case. The story of the Administration pressures which were put upon Mr. Thomas during the sum-

mer of 1948 to call off the Hiss inquiry has never been fully told. The chairman's stern refusal to permit a Hiss cover-up was an important factor in his eventual political ruin.

The wolf pack, headed by Drew Pearson, quickly closed in on him. Thomas, like probably the majority of his colleagues in the House, had made the technical slip of using secretarial funds for other official Washington expenses. So common was this practice among Congressmen whose official expenses exceeded income, that Pearson and his Leftist friends probably would not even have rated it as news had Thomas not been on their smear list. The wheels moved quickly: a flurry of contrived anti-Thomas publicity in the press and on the air was followed by an indictment by the complaisant Truman Department of Justice, and by the conviction and imprisonment of the Congressman. So cowed was national public opinion at the time that, although all informed observers knew that Thomas was being punished — not for his secretarial funds breach, but for his anti-Red aggressiveness — scarcely an important political voice was raised in his defense. His conviction was an exhibit for all to see, of the possible fate of any public figure who incurred the wrath of the Stalinites.

There were others who met similar fates. The list of Senators and Congressmen who have fought the Communists, whose careers have been cut off in their prime by the

Left Wing buzzsaw, is so long as to be unbelievable. It includes such names as John J. O'Connor, Harold Knutson, Joe Starnes, John M. Costello, Roger C. Slaughter, John McDowell, Stephen A. Day, Leland M. Ford, Walter C. Ploeser, Mrs. Florence Kahn, and William B. Barry. Another category includes legislators against whom equally vicious purge attempts have failed. Such names as Senators Robert A. Taft, Harry S. Byrd, Patrick A. McCarran, and William E. Jenner; and Representatives Clare E. Hoffman, Frederick R. Coudert, Dewey Short, and the late Eugene E. Cox, occur to the mind in this connection. Probably all these have been ultimately strengthened by Red opposition, but they have been put to extraordinary strain to repel the smearers.

PERHAPS the most notorious Left Wing purge attempt, spearheaded by the New York *Post*, was that against Vice-President Richard Nixon in the 1952 campaign. This was another one that backfired.

It was against this known background of Leftist intimidation that Senator McCarthy launched his probe of the State Department in 1950. Contrary to prevailing beliefs, he knew clearly what he was doing. He was prepared to see his own past career in business and public office, his income tax returns, his associations, the intimate circumstances of his private life, scrutinized in the

most minute detail. He realized that if his feet slipped, he faced possible expulsion from the Senate (the ill-starred William Benton even attempted this reprisal). He knew that unless he made his facts stick, few colleagues, even of his own party, would come to his defense. It is in the light of these accepted risks that the McCarthy achievement takes on massiveness. In the fierce war of nerves, McCarthy proved that he had the unique combination of know-how and sheer doggedness to outplay the scornful Achesons. It is difficult to think, offhand, of anyone else in the Washington picture who could have done this.

What have been the net gains from McCarthy's bold venture?

The principal plus item, probably, is that he has taken most of the fight out of the Communists and the pro-Communists. The importance of this achievement can be appreciated only by one who has been on the target end of Red intimidation and smearing during the years when they were riding high.

The Communists and the near-Communists of the pre-1950 vintage were a slippery and ugly crew. They had two impersonations: one of unctuous idealism and zeal for "human rights": the other of dissimulation, twisted publicity techniques, blackmail and plain goon violence. They were accustomed to easy polemic victories, won by browbeating softies on the other side. They were full of the cant of a pre-

tended Americanism (Remember Comrade Earl Robinson's war-time "That's America to Me"?). Above all, they were souped up by the knowledge that their play would be backed, within reason, by high-placed, sympathetic government officials of the Roosevelt and Truman administrations.

PROBABLY the most bemuddled line of attack that has been made on McCarthy is to charge that he has been too "hard-boiled" in his treatment of the Communists and pro-Communists. "I agree with McCarthy's ends but I don't approve his methods." How frequently this phrase has been rolled over the tongue by political fence-sitters! Actually, the observation, when analyzed, is a palpable absurdity. McCarthy's "methods" are McCarthyism. Without his insistent approach, the defiant Services and Vincents and Lattimores and Stones in the State Department would have slipped through his net as easily as they survived the House Appropriations Committee of the Republican 80th Congress which, after examining the State Department Communist situation when it was at its worst, returned the incredible report that it had found no Communists in the Department. The free-swinging, remorseless McCarthy attack was the only one which had the slightest chance of winning against the double-talking Stalinists.

Few public discussions have been

surrounded with so much hypocrisy as the present bogus outcry against McCarthy high-handedness.

One of the widely bruited accusations against McCarthy is that he has unfeelingly involved innocent people in his investigations. The charge has become stereotyped in many minds. Like most of the smears against the Senator, it is groundless.

Those repeating this charge invariably fail to document it with the name of any "innocent" person who has been injured by McCarthy.

As a matter of fact, "innocents" are extremely unlikely to appear on the McCarthy lists. The individuals whom he has named are, with few exceptions, sophisticated men and women who have lived for years on the periphery of the Socialist and Communist movements. That such people (like Judge Dorothy Kenyon, for instance, whose record shows 28 citations for Communist-front tie-ups) didn't know the Communist identity of the organizations to which they had given their names is a supposition too far-fetched for credence.

Actually, the libel laws were always available for any genuine "innocent." At the height of his Tydings Committee exposures, Senator McCarthy lived in a constant bedlam of threatened libel suits by individuals whom he named. None of them sued. A case in point was Haldore Hanson, who was white-washed by the Tydings Committee, and who challenged the Senator to

make his statements outside Congress so that he could slap a libel suit on him. Two years later, McCarthy wrote a book over his own name repeating and amplifying the Hanson exposures. There is no record to date that Hanson has sued.

THE Senator's high box-score for accuracy is not surprising to anyone familiar with the meticulous way in which he works. Contrary to the smear story, the Senator does not go off half-cocked. When he names an individual, he has already made a searching and conscientious study of the subject's background. For this task he has the best research facilities in Washington, outside the FBI. So painstakingly careful is McCarthy to avoid reputation-damaging publicity for the individual who may be innocent, that he follows a strict rule of private, unpublicized examinations at which the accused is given full opportunity to clear himself. Sometimes these examinations are repeated several times. Only after the evidence of Communism or pro-Communism is overwhelming is the subject subpoenaed for a full-dress, publicized open hearing. This punctilious regard for fair play guides all the McCarthy inquiries.

The most highly publicized McCarthy "cases" are convincing disproofs of the "innocent" thesis.

Owen Lattimore, who wrote a whole book about his innocence after the Senator unmasked him, is now

under Federal indictment for perjury.

John Stewart Service, cleared by the State Department Loyalty Board after McCarthy accused him, was ousted in 1951 from the Government service by the Loyalty Review Board.

John Carter Vincent, a particular Acheson favorite, was ordered dismissed from the State Department by the Loyalty Review Board. He was retired from the Department in April.

William T. Stone, who had been ordered dismissed by the State Department Security Board as far back as 1946, and who was kept in the Department by high-level backers until McCarthy smoked him out, resigned in 1952 when the Loyalty Review Board was about to take up his case.

Esther Brunauer was dropped from the State Department in 1951, after being unmasked by McCarthy.

Philip Jessup was refused Senate Committee confirmation for re-appointment to the United Nations Assembly after McCarthy revealed his pro-Communist, IPR past.

All these loudly vociferated their innocence at the time McCarthy named them. The final verdict was that McCarthy was right.

The picture of McCarthy harrying "innocent" liberals is a patently false one which has been designedly popularized by the Russia-firsters to discredit his investigations. As the nation gets to know McCarthy

better the picture is becoming increasingly frayed about the edges.

WHEN we search for the source spring of the Senator's present burgeoning popularity we find it in the legend which is growing up about his name as an unhesitating challenger of the great. The public always reacts tribally to Jack the Giant Killer. Washington today is a dismal swamp of name-dropping and irresolute men who shiver before the frown of the mighty. McCarthy has defied every accepted Capitol rule for success and has survived. His targets have been the men whom others cultivated — Acheson, Tydings, Jessup, Lattimore, Stevenson, Benton. All are now gone from the Capitol, but McCarthy is still there. The little people everywhere have loved the performance.

His recent encounter with the exalted Dr. James B. Conant is a case in point. Dr. Conant is the kind of man whom orthodox politicians don't tangle with, under any provocation. He is Harvard — one of the reigning deities of the American intelligentsia — the venerated spokesman of the whole powerful internationalist clan. To challenge such a man is to draw down upon one's head the scornful retaliation of the "best people."

But McCarthy did not flinch from a head-on clash with Conant when he was convinced that the Doctor had bungled in Germany. Instead of being scorched by the

experience, the Senator extracted from Conant the admission that the McCarthy recommendations had been accepted in part in Germany. It was the Senator who came with heightened prestige out of the experience.

One far-reaching consequence of the McCarthy Communist soft-up technique has been its impact upon the American world of ideas. The climate of American public discussion has been amazingly cleared since McCarthy began to fight. For the first time in two decades, the top magazines and publishing houses have become open to the writings of anti-Communists. The long grip upon the nation's communications media exercised by the literary Reds and Pinkoes has been broken.

The intellectual revolution that this implies is staggering to contemplate. Since ideas in a democracy are the taproots of action, such a change in the climate of opinion means a changed America. The overwhelming majority which Eisenhower piled up in 1952 against the most brilliant man whom the Democrats have nominated since Wilson, is an indication of the profundity of the opinion reversal.

AS we look back upon the almost total censorship which the minuscule group of Communist and pro-Communist writers and lecturers maintained over the magazines, publishing houses, book review and

newspaper desks, and the professional lecture platform in the 'thirties and 'forties, a weird, Alice-in-Wonderland unreality seems to invest the whole subject. This could not have been America, we tell ourselves. And yet it was, as hundreds of talented American political writers who were virtually hounded out of American journalism during those years can sadly attest.

It was an atmosphere in which the terror of Leftist reprisals hung heavy over all the desks which made the decisions about who should write the nation's books and magazine articles, and who should deliver the nation's lectures and sermons and radio talks. The man who was ticketed as a "Red-baiter" found doors coldly closed against him on every hand. If he did find a publisher, his books were smeared by the Left Wing literary vigilantes planted on the review desks of the principal newspapers and magazines. Conservative publishers and magazine editors discreetly went into their storm cellars while the Laud-Russia mania lasted.

We are not saying that McCarthy's fight has cleaned up this putrid situation with any finality. There are still many areas where pro-Communist influence still persists. Part of the clean-up dates from the Whitaker Chambers revelations of 1948 and was under way before McCarthy began throwing his curves. But the contribution which the Senator has made has been to drive the whole

Communist-favoring coterie onto a frightened defensive. As they try desperately to take on new and safe "anti-Communist" personalities, the Red hatchetmen of yesterday are everywhere giving up the pro-Communist fight. American editors and publishers are regaining courage, and are again publishing articles and books upon their merit, not their ideology.

The last chapter of the McCarthy story has not been written, but its record to date has been a heart-lifting experience for every American who has enlisted in the anti-Communist fight. The battle against Moscow influence in American life is not ended, but because of McCarthy it has reached a point which few of us would have been optimistic enough to foresee at this early date. Because McCarthy has been willing to act as the shock absorber of the main stream of pro-Communist abuse, the careers of all anti-Communists have been made easier.

Washington would be a vastly different place today if there hadn't been a McCarthy. The Eisenhower government would be less assured.

Probably the definitive thing about McCarthy was said by Dr. Daniel A. Poling, world president of the Christian Endeavor Union. "Senator McCarthy," said Dr. Poling, "is a symbol. He is a symbol of dynamic defense. More, he is America's symbol of defense that must become an offensive all along the line."



Communist
Party
Line

"'Tis a flippant flea
that dare breakfast
on the lip of a bear."
With apologies to
William Shakespeare

Kirby

RUSSIA AND THE MIDDLE EAST ♦ ♦ ♦

By Jules Kagian

THE PRESENT situation in the Middle East threatens the future of the whole free world. Americans should be enlightened on what is actually taking place there. I am sure several United States diplomats with great experience on Middle East affairs repeatedly drew the attention of former President Truman to the gravity of the situation. These diplomats offered several solutions, which were either ignored or rejected. It is the compelling duty of the Eisenhower administration to put an end to America's Alice-in-Wonderland policy in the Middle East and embark on a new, positive policy.

The Russians are capitalizing on America's blunders. In the words of Edwin A. Locke, Jr., former U. S. Regional Ambassador to the Near East, "Communists in the Near East are as discreet and clever as Americans are clumsy and dull-witted."

There is no mystery about Russia's interests in the Middle East. The Russians do not aim at conquering the area militarily. Nor are they interested in preaching their incomprehensible ideology to the masses. The Russians aim at undermining stability in the area and inflaming the masses with anti-Western feeling, thereby depriving the West of the strategic assets of the Middle East.

Let us see how the Russians are doing this—and how successful they have been so far. Soviet agents in the Middle East are now convincing the Arabs that Russia is anti-Zionist and pro-Arab. Russia's campaign to persecute and virtually exterminate Jews living behind the Iron Curtain is a new weapon used by Communist masterminds to strengthen their own position with the Arabs and intensify anti-Western sentiment in Arab countries. Arabs in general are not interested

in analyzing the motives behind this new Russian policy. They saw in Stalin another Hitler coming to save them from the dangers of Zionism. When Hitler persecuted the Jews, Arabs rejoiced. They adorned their houses and ships with Hitler's pictures and the Swastika flag.

Although Arabs admit that the persecution of Jews by the Nazis eventually led to the creation of Israel, they believe that they had to thank Stalin twice—for persecuting the Jews and for preventing their mass migration to Israel. Arab leaders are fond of saying that Arabs are not anti-Semitic, since they are Semites themselves and cousins of the Jews. They say instead that they are anti-Zionists. To the average Arab, to the Palestinian refugee, and to most Arab statesmen, the distinction between a Jew and a Zionist is immaterial. They consider Israel a Jewish state, and if Israel is their enemy the Jews are enemies too.

Arab broadcasting stations, which are all government controlled, often devote their entire news programs to anti-Zionist articles published in the Soviet press. The Damascus radio, which has introduced a special Hebrew program beamed to Israel, conducts a propaganda campaign to rouse Israelis against their leaders by branding the latter "foreign agents." Anti-Zionist broadcasts are giving the Arabs new impetus against the Jews in Israel. The Arabs are now speaking in a more confident tone of a second round against Israel.

THIS situation is being carefully exploited by the Soviet Union in the interest of unrest in the Middle East, especially by Soviet agents disguised as "nationalists." In the coffee houses where Arabs enjoy talking politics all day, one can feel their deep satisfaction at what Stalin inflicted on the Jews. Foreigners who visit the Middle East are amazed at how interested and informed most Arabs are about world affairs. In each coffee house there is a radio, and when the news is broadcast both the literate and illiterate gather around to listen and comment. Moscow broadcasts directed to the Middle East are becoming more popular. Arabs listen to Russia's anti-Western and anti-Zionist propaganda as attentively as if they were listening to a *sheikh* reciting the Koran.

Arabs were more convinced of Russia's pro-Arab policy when the Communist bloc voted with the Arabs at the United Nations last December during the debate on Palestine.

In 1947, when the Palestine question came before the United Nations for the first time, Soviet Russia joined the Western Powers and voted for the creation of a Jewish state in Palestine. However, when the question came before the U.N. again last December, the Communist bloc suddenly reversed its previous stand and voted with the Arabs. The United States, on the other hand, voted against them. The Arab press

hailed Russia's attitude, and drew a bitter contrast between the policy of Russia and that of America. Arab delegates to the United Nations chatted and dined with Communist delegates. Arab parliaments passed unanimous votes thanking Russia.

The motives behind Russia's sudden reversal of policy are obvious. Her primary aim is to capitalize on the prevailing tension in the Middle East. By first supporting the creation of Israel five years ago, and then in 1952 opposing any peace plan for the Holy Land, Russia succeeded in maintaining instability in the Middle East.

Soviet agents are well implanted among the one million Arab refugees from Palestine. These refugees are in their fifth year of homelessness. The Arab states still refuse to resettle them and insist on their return. Israel, on the other hand, claims that she can hardly absorb her own immigrants. The situation of the refugees is very serious. Their attitude toward the West is bitter and dangerous. Some of them even threaten to work as fifth columnists for the Russians, blowing up bridges and destroying oil pipelines when World War III starts.

COMMUNIST propaganda is directed toward the intellectuals and university students. In Syria and Lebanon some of the best professors and writers are Communists. Communist teachers openly advocate Communism in their classrooms.

Most demonstrations in Arab countries are staged by students who print and distribute insidious leaflets. Young Moslem women from notable families have, on numerous occasions, been arrested and imprisoned by the local authorities for their overt Communist activities. In Syria, thousands of signatures for the Stockholm peace appeal were collected from ministers, deputies, and government officials by a high-society Moslem lady whose provocative signed articles sometimes appear in the country's leading papers.

Russia's first diplomatic relations with Arab countries date back as early as 1926. In that year Russia was one of the first powers to recognize Ibn Saud. In November, 1928, Russia concluded a treaty with Yemen, in the southern tip of the Arab peninsula. In May, 1941, Russia recognized the Rashid Ali regime in Iraq. Diplomatic relations with the Iraqi constitutional government were established in 1944. Egypt, Syria, and Lebanon also established diplomatic relations with the U.S.S.R. in 1944.

Russia at present maintains strong diplomatic missions in Middle Eastern capitals. The U.S.S.R. often selects Soviet Moslem diplomats for these posts. The Russians compete strongly with British and American information centers in the distribution of propaganda material. Russian press attachés, who also serve the official Tass news agency, maintain close contact with the press and

pay periodic visits to Arab editors. Copies of the Soviet *New Times* magazine and translations from Soviet publications are distributed regularly to the press. In addition, the local press daily receives a free Tass news bulletin. Movie theaters in the Middle East mostly display American films. Soviet information centers are now distributing Soviet films to Arab movie houses. On one occasion, Western officials were very disturbed when an excited audience in Beirut applauded for five minutes to greet a Red Army parade on the screen.

Secret contact is maintained between the underground Communist parties and the Soviet diplomatic missions. All Communist parties in the Middle East are banned, with the exception of those in Israel. The number of party members in the Arab countries is not known. The British Intelligence Service is working hard on rooting out information regarding the strength of Communism in the Middle East. The main Communist strongholds are in Beirut and Nazareth. Arrests in Jordan, where Communists are very active among refugees, established that Communists in Israel maintain contact with Communists in the Arab countries. Arab and Jewish Communists in Israel work together and have their own deputies in the parliament.

The greatest danger today is that the Middle Eastern countries are playing Russia's game by remaining

neutral in the East-West conflict. They have refused to cooperate in a Middle East pact. All the Arab countries have even refused to declare their moral support of the allied struggle against Communist aggression in Korea. In February, 1951, the Arab League met in an extraordinary session in Cairo to decide with whom Arabs should side in the conflict between the Western powers and Russia. After a lengthy meeting, the seven member states, representing sixty million Arabs and 360 million Moslems, and possessing the world's richest oil resources, took the following decision:

The Arab states hasten to express their belief in the principles of the United Nations Organization . . . but it goes without saying that the Arab states cannot carry out the grave international obligations imposed by the United Nations Charter on all nations without their gaining their complete national rights and the settling of their national questions in accordance with the principles of freedom, justice, and equality.

TODAY, more than ever before, the Arab people need hope — and need it urgently. I would like to stress one fact: namely, that Arabs have always believed in American democratic principles and ideals. But as a result of a barrage of mistakes and blunders committed against them by the United States since World War II, the Arabs have become "allergic" to everything Amer-

ican. What is needed now is a careful and immediate diagnosis of the situation.

The Arabs do not turn towards Russia because they like her or because they favor Communism. They do so simply because they believe they have been rejected by the Western world. In practically all important U.N. decisions, Arabs have voted with the United States. Despite great pressure by Soviet Russia, Arabs signed a peace treaty with Japan. In Arab schools the teaching of English is widespread. The number of Arab students in American universities is increasing. Modern Arab culture is oriented towards the West.

The opportunity now lies in the hands of President Eisenhower to save sixty million people drifting blindly and hopelessly towards chaos and Communist enslavement. Attempts by the Truman administration to solve the Middle East problem have not only failed but often made things worse. This is because the "remedies" were administered rashly, without a true diagnosis. Truman failed to see that if the Arabs are psychologically "allergic" to the United States, everything American, whether in the form of funds, educational or technical aid, etc., will be viewed skeptically.

CAN this "allergy" be cured? It can, on one condition. Americans must realize that Arabs need *moral* support first. Their social and

economic needs are tremendous. Arabs feel it and admit it. However, as Easterners (and they should be viewed as such) they can never accept the idea that they are being "bought" materially. They must feel that their basic rights — their national aspirations — are respected. If the Communists are exploiting nationalism in the Middle East to create unrest, Americans should exploit it to bring about stability. Nationalism should be directed towards the right channels to strengthen the free world.

The most important issue in the Arab world today is Palestine. Conflict between the Arabs and Jews might erupt at any moment into a hot war that would inflame the whole Middle East. In Arab eyes, the United States has played a major role in creating that problem. In fact, anti-Americanism swept the Arab world the moment the United States opened Pandora's box in Palestine. The new administration will repeat the blunders of its predecessors if it attempts to win the friendship of the Arabs without bringing about a just and enduring solution of the Palestine question.

Moreover, substantial satisfaction will have to be given to the various nationalistic causes before the countries of the Middle East become allies of the West and the great strategic wealth of the region is insured to serve the interests of the free world.

DOWN TO

BY ALAN DEVOE

EARTH ★ *The Abbot Talks to Tigers*

A FRIEND of mine who has spent years in India was telling me a while ago about a monastery in a cedar-fragrant forest in the Himalayan foothills. There are many tigers in the area, he says, but the monks are not afraid. Love, they think, can cast out fear and invite in return love instead of hate. So they are friends of the tigers, and talk to them comrade-wise. What my friend swears he has seen is the Abbot going out on the verandah in his yellow robe in the dusk and talking tiger-talk in his benevolent old voice, until out of the jungle a great striped cat comes padding and presently purrs under his stroking hand like a kitten.

It's hard to believe. But I wonder. . . .

It was on a hot summer afternoon that I found the mourning dove disabled and gasping, in the dust beside our little country road. It fluttered in a spasm of terror as I stooped to it, and struggled with all its crippled strength as I held it in my hand. I took it home and put it in a red-lacquered bamboo cage (pre-empted from its status as an

antique and dust-catcher), with a dish of fresh water, and seeds and berries.

In eight days nature had restored her dove to health, the soft plumage sleek as ever, the wild eyes gleaming. My wife and I made a slow, sorrowful excursion, cage in hand, up the old wood road that climbs the hill behind our house. In a quiet birch copse the cage was opened. Our dove darted out and in an instant had risen on rushing wings, circled the tree tops and rejoined the freedom of the wild.

So we thought, for over a week. Then one morning I was sitting on an old stump, engrossed in watching a hollow where a family of white-footed mice were living. Suddenly, out of nowhere, a winged shape fluttered down to me. Perched on my forearm, clutching it as trustfully as it might grasp a branch in the friendly woods, was a shimmering mourning dove. It stayed only a few seconds, infinitely close and comradely. Then it was off, this time forever. I never saw it again.

Though a dove has a wild, shy spirit, it is not a fierce, feral thing

like a tiger. But there was the fox in the winter woods. When I told about that fox in a book, I wondered whether he could seem believable. Then the readers' letters came, to tell me of other fox encounters in other woods. My fox was not unique.

I jumped him on a bitter winter morning among the snow-bowed hemlocks where he had been sleeping in a drift. He whirled up perhaps thirty feet ahead of me, in a spume of flying snow, and we stared at each other, motionless, in the wintry silence. We stood so long that it began to seem unreal and eerie. Why didn't he run? Foxes have every hand against them, every country gun and dog. Their hearts have a permanent savage wariness, "ingrained," we say. When I couldn't stand our queer tableau any longer, I shied a dead hemlock stick at the peak-eared form confronting me. It dropped short in the fluffy snow. My fox ran then, all right. He ran toward me, in great bounding leaps, pounced upon the fallen stick, and with the head-high prance of a happy collie went dancing off into the woods, his treasure gripped tight in his narrow jaws.

Foxes are savagely wary. But this one, on a bitter morning, confided to me a strange and unsuspected secret. Deep down under all the fear he'd like to be a dog.

I CONFESS that after telling that fox-tale in my book, I was a little worried. Would it sound like a

tall tale? I needn't have worried. The other day I had a letter from a game warden out West — saying that a similar adventure once befell him.

One fox and one dove don't make a case. What hints at something substantial is that hosts of witnesses have similar stories to tell, all testifying in various ways to a bond of affection that can exist between "wild" animals and men. We may think of the adventure of Androcles and his lion as only a distant, doubtful story; but there abound, it turns out, true tales that are just as surprising and just as eloquent of the impulses, deep in wild hearts, toward affection and gratitude.

There is no animal in the woods that's "meaner," if you like, than a wildcat, certainly no animal that would seem less likely to turn trustfully to a human being. So it seemed to Phil Traband and so improbable was his adventure, even after it had happened, that he kept it to himself for years for fear his cronies among Oklahoma hunters and fishermen would laugh at him. He confided it to me recently.

He'd been hiking through a clearing of tall grass at the edge of a blackjack timber, when he heard behind him what sounded like a baby crying. As he entered the timber, the cry came again, closer, with a feline edge to it. He turned around. There, padding in soft-footed pursuit of him, was a wildcat.

He admits he was scared for a

minute. But then, something in him responded to what seemed to his incredulous ears to be a note of appeal. He stood still and let the big cat approach. He'd never before looked (he'd never *expected* to look!) close into a lynx's eyes. What he saw in the eyes of this one, as it came close, touched his heart. Unmistakably it was the look of a brother-spirit beseeching help.

Traband saw that the wildcat's mouth and muzzle were swollen. He squatted down, took the fearsome head between his hands, and gently pried open the mouth. One of the lynx's great canine fangs had somehow pierced its tongue and held it fast; the wound had become infected. As gently as he could — but it still must have been excruciating — Traband worked loose the swollen tongue-tissue from the impaling fang. All the while, his legs were tensed to jump and run.

They needn't have been. The wildcat stood quietly, without a whimper, until the operation was over. Then for several seconds more it stood motionless, relaxed in grateful relief, while the cautious hand of a still incredulous man stroked the tawny, grizzled back tenderly. With a final "mrroww," the big cat slipped away into the woods, to resume its life of being, as we may think, incurably alien and enemy.

THE beloved naturalist, Ernest Harold Baynes, didn't believe that any animal in the world is really

incurably hostile to us, or incapable of being accepted into comradeship. Baynes did something that a thousand authorities had sworn couldn't be done. He made pets (or "guests", as he liked to call them with a sensitive naturalist's dislike of the patronizing quality in "pets") of a pair of timber wolves. He acquired them as small cubs from the wolf-den in a zoological garden.

One of his wolves, named Death, he kept only until near maturity; but the other great wolf, Dauntless, was his affectionate comrade for years. Baynes treated Dauntless as he would treat a dog. Despite the direst predictions, the naturalist fed his gigantic friend raw meat, tramped the woods and fields with him, enjoyed serenely Dauntless's terrifying displays of special affection (consisting in taking Baynes' cheek gently in his teeth and fondly nibbling it). Dauntless appeared with Baynes on lecture platforms. On several occasions Baynes perpetrated the amiable joke of entering him in dog shows.

Dauntless was all wolf and looked frightening enough to be pursuing a fleeing *droshky* through the Siberian snow, but his heart was as devoted as his teeth were terrible. He died full of years, of natural causes.

Baynes tamed many other improbable animals: foxes, a bear, a bison, and that notably vicious animal, a big buck deer. He didn't think of it as "taming," though, which is perhaps why his successes

were so astonishing. He thought of it as just the going out of the human heart in love, to enlist the natural love deep-planted in wild hearts too.

THE Africa of Albert Schweitzer is savage jungle, and Dr. Schweitzer's Lambarene hospital only a tiny speck of humanness amid the encompassing wildness of tropical nature. But it is a speck that shines and glows with the great medical missionary's central faith; reverence for all life, even the humblest, even the fiercest. To that radiance of faith and affection, jungle creatures have responded in a way to amaze visitors.

The night watchman at Dr. Schweitzer's door is an awesome-looking African pelican. Years ago it swooped down on a native woman, thinking to secure a fish from her. Frightened, she struck at it frantically with a paddle, breaking one of its legs and crippling a wing. Schweitzer rescued the pelican, healed its hurts, and set it free. But it would not leave him, ever, for all the tug of its ancestral blood. It had been tugged by something greater. Night after night the huge bird perches over the doctor's door, watching, protecting.

If that pelican has surprised visitors, a wild boar has left them scarcely believing their eyes. You can't tame a wild African boar. But a wild boar, it may be, can tame itself: can respond, that is, to anything so ineffably strange and unexpected as finding itself cherished.

Dr. Schweitzer was not afraid to cherish the savage, ungainly hog that he adopted and called by the preposterously elfin name of Josephine. A weird sight presently became familiar in the little world of Lambarene: a wild boar running eagerly each Sunday, when the mission-bell sounded, to the corrugated iron barrack that served Dr. Schweitzer as his Chapel. For years, while a man of God talked in his simple way of the Love of God, a warty-snouted, wicked-eyed old tusker stood beside him.

Sir Edwin Landseer, the painter of animals, had an old crony in his house who, dozing with him before the evening fire, used to startle visitors considerably. It was a lion.

Ernest Thompson Seton was convinced — and the conviction grew ever the deeper during his 86 years of knowing the outdoors — that no animal is natively afraid of man. Thus no animal natively hates man, for it is only in the dark places of fear that hate breeds. If there is the rage of terror in wild hearts, there is also — if hidden, secret, shy — the original essence of a potential that might have become love and trust.

Perhaps the Abbot talks to tigers, out of a full and guileless soul, and they purr for him. Or perhaps they don't. I'm not sure. But again and again at the heart of wild things, naturalists and outdoor men have found the essential secret of that story. The name of the secret is love, and it lies hidden and waiting.



BY JAMES E. WARNER

What Ever Became of the **HOOVER REPORT**

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER is in the middle of one of the toughest battles of his career. From the political standpoint it may be tougher than the victorious campaign he waged for the Presidency.

It is the battle for economy, and efficient, businesslike operation of the sprawling federal bureaucracy, grown fat and arrogant in twenty years of unchecked growth.

A major sector in this battle goes by the dry-sounding name of "government reorganization." But cutting down the cost of operating the literally stupendous and colossal Federal Government — the biggest business in the world's history — is the only avenue to national solvency.

By-products will be the elimination of red tape, and very probably a reduction in force: but these are secondary objectives. The basic aim

is to instill really good business administration into the federal bureaucracy, which is now costing every man, woman, and child in the United States about \$600 a year.

The moment an American child is born, he gets an automatic birthday present from Uncle Sam. It is \$1800 of debt — the infant's per capita share of the staggering national debt of nearly 270 billions. The newborn baby will have to help pay this off during his lifetime, in addition to meeting his \$600-a-year current share for operating the Federal Government.

Like current defense expenditures, much of the debt was piled up by the last two wars, and neither political party can be blamed too much for it. But when fighting men in the Korean battle line can't get enough ammunition in the midst of vast de-

fense expenditures, the need for a drastic overhaul of bureaucracy at home seems obvious.

Government reorganization was indeed a dry subject until the bipartisan (Dean Acheson was vice-chairman) Hoover Commission spiced it with some horrible examples. Yet the need for it hits every taxpayer where it hurts — in the pocketbook, as most will recall from their March fifteenth income tax returns.

First objective of the Eisenhower economy drive is cutting down the inherited 78.6-billion-dollar Truman spending program for the fiscal year which opened July 1. There has been stiff opposition to cuts (not by any means confined to Democrats) and there will be more, but that spending program just had to be slashed.

IF ECONOMY and really businesslike federal administration are to be attained, and incompetent federal employees dismissed, there must be a revision of Civil Service laws and procedures. This is already under way, as the outcries of those who would defend and perpetuate the old system testify.

The fact of the matter is that until recently a government boss just couldn't fire anybody, unless it was for proof or suspicion of disloyalty or a loose tongue in the armed services and the so-called sensitive agencies. And even at that, everyone recalls classic cases where dismissals from such sensitive agencies were pending for years.

The Hoover Commission listed scores of cases where it required a year, eighteen months, or even two years to get an admittedly inefficient employee off the federal payroll. Civil service red tape prescribed so many interviews, hearings, and other procedures for the "protection" of the employee that most harassed executives just gave up. They sought to transfer the employee, or just kept him on, with other people actually doing the work he was paid for. They probably were wise: Civil Service dismissal procedures tie up the boss and other productive workers for such lengthy periods that it may be cheaper to keep on an inefficient employee.

Here's the story of one typical dismissal, and that from a sensitive agency, for cause, in the middle of World War II. The agency had a civilian chief, but mixed military and civilian personnel. Most of the female employees had husbands, brothers, or boy friends in action. In the agency was a young woman who could be called "Miss Career." She had come to the top war agency — at a substantial rise in pay — from a non-war agency. She was fast and competent, when she so chose. She became secretary to a division chief.

In that division were three other girls and half a dozen men. The work load was so heavy that the men, knowing the girls were overworked, frequently typed their own inter-office memos and records. But

not Miss Career: unless she was in a good mood, she sat and polished her fingernails, chatted gaily on the telephone or disappeared for coffee. She was "The Secretary" and had to keep clear until the boss wanted her — even though everyone knew that on many occasions he would not need her for hours. Her boss was not as dumb as she thought.

There came a long weekend, Fourth of July falling on a Monday. Miss Career didn't ask: she *announced* she would be absent, from the close of business Friday until Tuesday morning. This in a war agency on a seven-day week in the middle of the nation's biggest war.

The division chief told her that she would be on duty Saturday and part of Monday like everyone else, or she would be fired for cause. Miss Career smiled sweetly and departed Friday evening. She appeared — somewhat late — Tuesday morning, and was duly fired on the spot.

LITERALLY for months thereafter — in addition to the paper work connected with the dismissal — the division chief and his assistants were interviewed by "investigators" who looked as though they should be shouldering an Army rifle. They insinuated that Miss Career might have been fired for other reasons, such as not responding to non-existent amorous advances of the boss or for racial or religious prejudice in an office which virtually was a small United Nations.

While the "investigators" prodded and probed, interfering with vital war work, Miss Career didn't lose a day's pay. She immediately went to work for another federal department — not a war agency — at a higher salary than her already inflated one.

One of the most glaring abuses in the federal service is the superabundance of "personnel directors." Many of them are the greatest "empire builders" in government. The more people they have in their department, division or bureau, the better it looks on their Civil Service rating.

Over the years they have helped the Civil Service Commission to build up a labyrinth of red tape. Personnel has been a lush career in government. The Hoover Commission found one federal agency with a personnel employee for every twenty workers. In most private enterprise the ratio is one personnel employee to 200 or more productive workers.

Then there are the government publicity men — swarms of them, virtually all drawing bigger salaries from the taxpayers than they ever earned in the newspaper business. Some of them are efficient workmen who earn every penny they draw. These are the real experts, who provide pertinent information, whether good or bad, and explain the facts.

Other government "publicity" men are arrogant, or stupid, or both. They twist, distort, conceal, even

resort to outright falsehood in efforts to sell their agencies and their superiors to the public and to Congress. The new administration already has rid the service of the worst of these.

Personnel reforms, no matter how badly needed, are only a drop in the economy bucket, however. Even leaving defense contracts out of the picture, government is still very big business on the purchasing side. Congress squirmed at, but did not block, a Hoover Commission recommendation to consolidate most routine government purchasing in a new "housekeeping" agency, the General Services Administration.

Under previous purchasing policies some squirrel-like agencies accumulated 25-year supplies of electric light bulbs or stationery, while others, properly keeping their requirements current, had difficulty in getting delivery of such items. Some bureaucrats got wastebaskets costing the taxpayer \$50 apiece. Jess Larson, first General Services Administrator, fixed that. Everybody, including himself, got wastebaskets costing only a tenth of that exorbitant price. And the cheaper ones already have outlived most of their former bureaucratic owners.

THREE YEARS of centralized purchasing, property accountability and records-keeping, Mr. Larson reported, have resulted in "specific, identifiable savings amounting to more than \$100,000,000."

This seems to be — and indeed is — another drop in the economy bucket in a new administration hacking away at a predicted deficit of nearly 10 billion dollars. But Mr. Larson, one of the efficient bureaucrats, said:

"The savings climbed to a point where they were equal to about three-fourths of GSA's operating expenses for the year. In other words, for every dollar in operating costs, there were approximately 75 cents in savings, and GSA still performed its service operations for the other agencies."

If anyone wants to drag politics into it, Mr. Larson was an appointee of President Truman. But whether he's a Republican or Democrat, any public servant who can prove a case like that is pointing up one of the things that is very wrong in the federal bureaucracy.

Elsewhere on the economy front there is the very large matter of the Corps of Army Engineers and the Interior Department's Bureau of Reclamation. Both build dams and other public works dear to the hearts of politicians of both parties. They control the expenditures of billions. The Hoover Commission said of them:

"... they work on the same rivers, the Corps working up meeting the Bureau coming down. There have been repeated instances where each competes with the other to begin construction on the same project. The result has been hasty plan-

ning, lack of sufficient basic data, duplicating costs of surveying and estimating, failure to consider the entire needs of the area, and the creation of strong and opposing local pressures each seeking special benefits. The end result has been needless delay, confusion and gross waste of the taxpayers' money."

That crack about "local pressures" is most meaningful. These are the pressures, exerted finally through the Congress, which get dams built, seacoast harbors dredged, and many other improvements financed by all the federal taxpayers. Some projects are necessary: but by the time sectional log-rolling in Congress on bills authorizing them is completed, there is no doubt in the mind of any sensible man that many marginal projects have been included.

Indeed, log-rolling over rivers and harbors and reclamation projects has largely supplanted the traditional Congressional log-rolling *piece de resistance* — tariffs.

In Congress, "the boys" of both parties now scratch each others' backs over authorization of such items as dams, dredging projects, new veterans' or military hospitals, and like projects. Maybe all of these things are needed, but frequently not in the times and places Congress authorizes them. The taxpayer gets scratched too, but not on the back: he gets it in the pocketbook.

A lot more is going to be heard in the next twelve months about government reorganization and economy. President Eisenhower has won some of the battles he had to win in this campaign, but there must be many more.

Fortunately, President Eisenhower has, as did President Truman, the support of a non-partisan, nationwide taxpayers' group, the Citizens Committee for the Hoover Report. It suspended operations during the last campaign lest it be accused of taking political sides, but now it's back in business.

And Ike will need its help.

» The "waiting campaign" which was General McClellan's favorite strategy became the subject of sarcastic messages between the general and President Lincoln. McClellan was so careful not to make any mistakes that he made very little headway. Lincoln once sent him this brief letter:

"My dear McClellan: If you don't want to use the army I should like to borrow it for a while.

Yours respectfully,
A. Lincoln."



The New England **HIRED MAN**

BY JAMES A. DODD

THE HIRED MAN, once a prominent figure on every New England farm, has now practically disappeared along with horse-drawn machinery and other outdated farming equipment. It is difficult to say who he was or what social or national group he represented; he might rightly claim to have come from any level of New England society a generation or more ago. Sometimes he was a black sheep from a family of good old New England stock. Usually he had been brought up on a farm or lived during his youth near enough to one so that he was able to acquire the basic knowledge of a farmer.

The hired man seldom attended school after he was fourteen years old. By then he had either completed grammar school and found it impractical and unnecessary to go on to high school, or his parents felt it was time for him to go to work.

The potential hired man probably started his working career by taking odd jobs as

a laborer, or working for a short time in a shear shop or textile factory. However, he would never stay long enough on one job to master any special skill. After he had made the rounds, working at a number of different things and leaving or getting fired from any job that might have a future in it, he would take work on a farm. This job did not pay well; sometimes there were no cash returns, but there was plenty of good food and a warm and comfortable place to sleep.

The hired man was usually a bachelor. His frequent parties with the boys and his irresponsible and intemperate ways made him unacceptable as a husband. If he ever had a wife he left her, or was left, before very long. By the time he accepted a regular job on a farm he would have reached his middle thirties, and the fifteen years of labor and dissipation that lay behind him made him appear older than he actually was. The hired man never intended any job to be his last and he was eter-



nally optimistic and talked of leaving as soon as the work was done, which, of course, never happened on a New England farm. It was always an easier and freer life he craved; but because he lived just for the day, he never laid any concrete plans. Years would slip by and he would become known simply as "Silas, Peck's hired man."

THE hired man's status in the farm family was somewhat like that of an old family retainer. But one great barrier that stood in the way of his gaining complete acceptance was his periodic drinking. Nearly any occasion furnished a good excuse for him to go off for a few days on a drunk. He could be counted on to celebrate all the regular holidays, and if these seemed too few, he would quit. But no matter how many times he declared he was through, or actually was fired, he would be gone for only a short time, have his fling, become weary, broke and hungry, return quietly and begin again the work he had left a few days before.

As soon as he was sighted by any member of the household, the news would quietly but rapidly get around that the hired man had come back. He was always accepted in silence and after he had been back for a day, work was resumed and the incident rarely mentioned. The hired man himself would not recount any adventures he had had while away, unless it was to boast of offers of

higher-paying jobs. Occasionally he would be telling the truth about the job offers, but more often these stories were invented to fortify himself against the humiliating fact that he had been drunk, broke and hungry, and had no place to go but the farm which he had left.

When the hired man was himself — that is to say, sober — he ate at the family table, joined in the conversation, and freely expressed his opinions whether the discussion concerned him or not. He would take the initiative in bringing up matters about the farm work. He would say, "Tomorrow we'd better mow the orchard," and as his judgment about jobs that needed to be done was good, his suggestions were usually followed. When his advice was taken, he was pleased and for a time would work and plan as conscientiously as if he owned the farm.

Such jobs as making repairs on the house, fixing the gate in the chicken yard, or cleaning out the chimney so the kitchen stove would work better, were all of primary concern to the farmer's wife. The hired man would seize these opportunities to gain favor with the women folks. He would come right out and tell the farmer that the hay wasn't quite dry enough to put in the barn and that they should use the day to fix the chimney for the women. His popularity rating would be high until the next time he abruptly left to go on a drunk.

Whatever the mixture of senti-

ments the adults of the farm family held toward the hired man, he was always a hero in the eyes of the children. He would help them try to make a pair of skis out of a couple of barrel staves and heavy rubber bands. He could be counted on to fix a sled or even a doll buggy. Such skills as making a whistle out of a green piece of bass wood, or carving a dart out of a wood shingle and making a dart thrower of a springy hemlock bough, were some of the talents with which he thrilled the small boys. Though the hired man was usually dirty, unshaven, and often reeked of tobacco, liquor and dirty clothes, his appearance never offended the farm children.

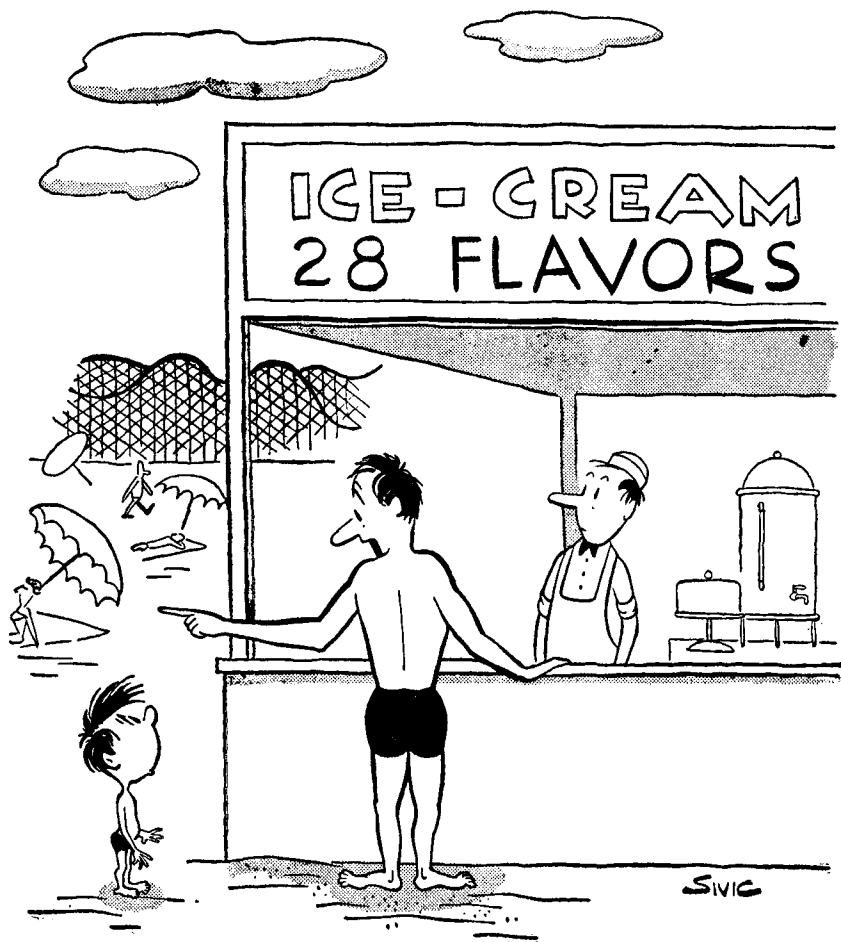
HIS working day was from sunup to sundown. Even on Sunday there were chores to be done before he could be free. If an animal were sick in the night he would be expected to get up and take care of it. No provisions were made for him to have a day off, but he managed to solve that situation himself.

The hired man would have a room in the back of the house, a dingy place. If the room were grim to start with, the man's personal habits would soon make it worse. Dirty or worn-out clothes were strewn around or piled in a corner; a six months' accumulation of burnt matches, pipe ashes, and empty tobacco papers would be piled on a chair near the bed; and partially concealed under the bed, chair, and

bureau would be a fascinating collection of empty beverage bottles. No one in the family ever went to his room unless it was to see if he were sick. Strangely enough, the dogs, who could have slept on the warm and fragrant hay in the barn, preferred to sleep in bed with the hired man.

The hired man died of the disease of progress. Farming in New England a generation or so ago may have been more difficult, but it was not as mechanized as it is today. Men and animals did the work and the machines that were used, compared to the complicated tools and machines of today, were simple to operate and repair. The hired man could put a new point on the old sulky plough or replace a broken knife in a mowing machine. He could not, however, repair the modern tractor with his tinkering, and he had no faith in such complicated mechanisms as a hydraulic lift or a power take-off.

This is not to say that the hired man was turned out into the cold world. His only home life had always been the close relationship with the farm family. If he had any relatives of his own, he would rarely mention them and never think of asking them for help. In his declining years, even though he may not have been worth his board, he was kept on. He usually died on the job and he would be given a proper funeral from the seldom-used front parlor of the farm house.



"Go ask Grandma Fisher whether she wants vanilla, chocolate, strawberry, pineapple, cherry, raspberry, butter pecan, blackberry, chocolate chip, coffee, black walnut, fudge, peppermint, banana, toasted almond, tutti-frutti, peach, apricot, rum raisin, coconut, caramel, marshmallow, butterscotch, grape, orange, lemon, peanut brittle, or pistachio."



RED CHINA'S NARCOTICS TRAFFIC

By George Fielding Eliot

THE Chinese Communist government is seeking recognition and the status of a civilized country, as a member of the United Nations. At the same time, it is engaged in trying to enrich itself and poison its neighbors by the production and export of narcotic drugs.

Its moral position in the eyes of law-abiding people is thus identical with that of a dope peddler who, while continuing his vicious trade, should seek election to the city council, so that he can keep the cops off his neck.

This organized dope traffic, operated by the Chinese Reds as a government monopoly, has three purposes: to obtain foreign exchange (especially U. S. dollars) and strategic materials not easily available to Peiping by legitimate means; to finance political activities in various countries; and to sabotage opponents and prospective victims by creating addicts among their populations. The United States, reports Federal Narcotics Commissioner

Harry J. Anslinger, ranks high as "a target of Communist China to be regularly supplied with dollar-earning, health and morale devastating heroin."

U. S. and other United Nations troops in Korea and Japan are likewise targets for this evil operation. "The Communists have planned well," says Mr. Anslinger, "and they know a well-trained soldier becomes a liability and a security risk from the moment he first takes a shot of heroin."

These are not just off-hand statements. They were made by Mr. Anslinger in the capacity of United States Representative on the United Nations Commission on Narcotic Drugs. They bear the character of official statements of our government. For three years now we have been reporting this Red Chinese "Operation Poison." For three years "Operation Poison" has been spreading its foul tentacles wider and wider over the Pacific world, while the reports go into dusty files.

Naturally, the Chinese Reds and their Soviet friends deny these charges. They pour out floods of abuse and vilification. They raise a smoke-screen to hide their own crimes, by bringing fantastic charges of "germ warfare" in Korea against the U. S. But they have yet to refute by factual evidence the accumulating mass of detailed, well-documented proof that the People's Communist Chinese Government is engaged, *as a government*, in selling dope: one of the lowest forms of crime in an individual, unspeakably degrading in what is supposed to be a responsible government.

THE scope of this criminal activity is growing to vast proportions. This year's official statement by Nationalist China, that Red China's 1952 revenue from dope sales amounted to \$250,000,000, may well be exaggerated. A more sober report from a Hong Kong news agency puts the figure at \$70,000,000. Even at this level, the amount of narcotics which Red China is dumping on the world every year, and the sum total of misery and human destructions thereby caused, is enormous.

The U. S. reports give names, places, data as to seizures, reports from the police and narcotics authorities of a dozen countries, obviously restrained excerpts from intelligence reports of what goes on inside Red China. The Peiping government answers with loud outcries about

"malicious slander" and "lying rumors."

So it is perhaps just as well that there is some basic evidence from a painfully impartial source — one that leans over backward not to "take sides" in the cold war: the international organization known as the Permanent Central Opium Board with its headquarters at Geneva, Switzerland. This board is responsible, under international treaties, for policing the world trade in narcotics and for keeping track of where opium and similar drugs are produced and where and how they are finally consumed. Last January the board reported that 500 tons of opium — equal to the total agreed limit of world production of the drug for legitimate purposes — had been offered for sale by the Chinese Communist government. Unofficially, board members said that this huge quantity of opium had been callously sold to illegal agents in Hong Kong and elsewhere to spread throughout the world. This criminal transaction, remarks the *New York Times* correspondent at Geneva, "dwarfs all other known violations of international codes designed to keep the drug trade in open and controlled channels."

Other countries try to co-operate in this effort, which is for the benefit of all, indeed of humanity at large. Thus in 1951 the U. N. Narcotics Commission was told that Italy, Turkey, and Greece, besides Communist China, were sources of dope

supply; but since then the first three governments have been working earnestly to put a stop to illegal exports of drugs. Italy, for example, has at U. N. request made the production of heroin illegal and has seized existing stocks and used them for clinical purposes. Red China alone refuses even to reply to inquiries, except with those eternal blasts of invective. A letter from the Permanent Central Opium Board, about the above-mentioned 500-ton sale of opium dated November 6, 1951, remains unanswered to this day by the Red Chinese Foreign Minister. This is not just a matter of failure to control individual criminals or criminal syndicates. It is not just a matter of a few corrupt officials working in cahoots with the dope peddlers. Such things are not unknown in the best of countries, including the United States. But what the Chinese Communist government is doing is to run a giant dope-selling ring as a government enterprise, operated for the profit of the government by government officials.

THE Reds even have the monumental gall to entitle the Communist government department which runs their dope-selling racket, the "Central Opium Prohibition Bureau."

The ostensible purpose of this Bureau is to stamp out the production, transportation and use of opium and its derivatives through-

out China. This being so, it is rather curious that the Bureau possesses a Finance Division, headed by one Po I-Po (alias Haku Itsi-pa) and a Trade Division, headed by an individual named Yi Chih Chuang. What does a government policy agency, dedicated to putting an end to the sale and traffic in drugs, need of a Finance Division and a Trade Division? Why is its principal branch in North China, at No. 5, Aomen-lu, in the 10th Ward of Tientsin, known as the Yuta Concern and run by three gentlemen, two of whom were formerly bandits and one an old-time dealer in narcotics? Why is its main southern branch, at Canton, known by the curious title of the South China Trade Bureau? Why, in such poppy-growing areas as Jehol and Shensi provinces, do we find officials of the Opium Prohibition Bureau actively engaged in supervising the planting, harvesting and processing of opium? Why do the stocks of opium, currently held in the government warehouses of the Opium Prohibition Bureau, run up into the hundreds of tons?

Yet, considering the Communist habit of using such words as *peace* and *democracy* to mean their exact opposites, there's no occasion for astonishment when we find them running a dope-selling syndicate and calling it an Opium Prohibition Bureau.

It is quite true, of course, that *officially* the people of Communist

China are not permitted to produce, transport, smoke or sell opium or to use narcotic drugs of any kind. Opium is a publicly owned monopoly. Its primary use is to earn foreign exchange for the Red government. Of course, somebody has to grow the poppies — somebody has to produce opium, transport it, process it and make deals with the peddlers who sell it in Japan, Korea, Southeast Asia, Europe and the United States. But this is big business, and is run as such. The little fellow does what he's told. Naturally, to get the opium, the farmer has to be given a profit sufficient to induce him to plant his fields with poppies instead of rice; and naturally some of the stuff filters through the hands of the various officials along the line, to be consumed locally. This gets into the papers at times. For example, the *Nan Fang Jih Pao* of Canton, in its issue of June 3, 1952, observes with charming naïveté (for a Communist rag): "The organizations and machineries for the suppression of opium and narcotics have not developed in a wholesome manner. . . . Unscrupulous merchants have colluded with corrupt elements in shipping, railway and highway organs to carry out the evil traffic. . . . The 'narcotic king' even dared to sneak into Canton to make arrangements."

SOUNDS as though the cops might really be after this fellow called the "narcotics king," doesn't it?

Ha! Our agents know all about him. His name's Cheng Lao San, and he's been known for some years as the "narcotics king" or "King of Opium." He's a prominent Communist official. To be precise, he's the Regional Director of the Central Opium Prohibition Bureau for the provinces of Chekiang, Kiangsu and Anhwei. He's also in charge of the export organization that furnishes heroin to the Communist dope-distributing agency in Japan. Mr. Cheng doesn't have to "sneak" when business takes him to Canton or anywhere else in Communist territory. His top distributor in Tokyo and Kobe is Li Chin Sui — at present a fugitive from Japanese justice on a narcotics charge. Li also runs an outfit in South China called the Tung Yung Trading Company, which is really a branch of the People's Ministry of Trade and Commerce and handles medical supplies and other strategic materials for this government department. These represent a considerable proportion of the goods purchased with the proceeds of dope sales — sometimes by direct barter arranged by Messrs. Cheng and Li through brokers in Hong Kong, Bangkok and other places. Both Cheng and Li have wide connections among the Far Eastern underworld — indeed, the dope peddlers who know the ropes in this age-old racket are favored citizens in Communist China today.

There is a steady flow of narcotics into Japan these days from Chinese

and North Korean sources. Crews and passengers of aircraft and ships, as well as Communist couriers and agents, are used as carriers. The Anslinger report gives details of a number of seizures in 1952, chiefly involving heroin, but despite the hard work of the Japanese police, it is believed that much larger amounts are getting through. Some of this dope gets into the hands of American servicemen in Japan. This part of the peddling is actively pushed by the Communists. Prostitutes are used for the purpose, and the areas in the vicinity of each of the major American bases in Japan are carefully organized under the control of selected emissaries of the Red narcotics syndicate.

Dope is also flowing into South Korea from North Korea. Some of it comes by couriers who slip across the lines, but most of it moves by small boats along the west coast and is delivered to Communist guerrillas, who pass it on to the distributors. Heroin being currently seized in Korea, the U. N. Narcotics Commission was informed, is "the familiar light tan, coarse, granular heroin which originates in Communist China, being manufactured in Tientsin. The price in South Korea ranges from \$10 to \$20 American per gram." This appears to be the wholesale price, before "cutting." A gram of heroin cut 10 to 1 would bring from \$100 to \$200 at retail in the United States, and probably not less than half that much in the Far

East. A "cutting plant," by the way, was recently seized in Pusan, where fortunes have been built on this trade since the U. S. began building up the huge military base there in 1950.

ANOTHER center of dope export from Communist China is the British colony of Hong Kong. The racket is operated from a place called Shum Chan, right on the Hong Kong border, where there is a local headquarters and warehouse of the Central Opium Prohibition Bureau. The British police have been making diligent efforts to suppress this traffic, with indifferent success — for the excellent reason that the Reds don't allow anyone to take even a minor part in dope-handling who doesn't have a family in Red China, against whom reprisals can be taken if he gives information to the cops. In British courts, as in our own, the conviction even of such a slimy thing as a dope peddler has finally to rest upon sworn testimony given in open court, so all too often the best the British can do is to deport individuals whom the police know perfectly well are narcotics operators but whom they have little chance of convicting.

However, sometimes there are other ways. Consider, for example, a gentleman named Li Choy Fat who is now doing fifteen very unpleasant years in a Nationalist Chinese prison on Formosa. He had a long and unsavory record, and the Nationalist

police had wanted to lay hands on him ever since he fled from Shanghai to Hong Kong in 1947. He founded a trading firm in Hong Kong which, after 1950, became a principal distributor for the Communist dope trade, and Li Choy Fat became a wealthy man, though he was destitute when he left Shanghai. In July 1952, the British, despairing of convicting him, booted him out of Hong Kong. Was he sent to Communist China, of which country he was officially — under British policy — a citizen? Well, there was some silly administrative mix-up, y'know, and poor Li Choy Fat was "accidentally" included in a batch of deportees going to Formosa. Too bad, say the British police. Deplorable, in fact. Fellow will probably write a nasty letter to the Prime Minister — fifteen years from now — if he lives that long, poor old boy.

One of Li Choy Fat's partners, Li Sui Po, was deported from Hong Kong about the same time, together with a lady of many aliases currently known as Sze Oi Chan. Madame Sze is the widow of a former dope racketeer and has been especially successful in handling the distribution of the Red Lion brand of heroin (a well-known Communist Chinese trade mark) through dancing girls and street-walkers. The Nationalist Chinese police would like to get hold of Madame Sze very much — she's wanted for a variety of interesting charges, including the shoot-

ing of a Shanghai policeman who had the effrontery to object to Madame Sze's car crashing through a police barrier.

The third partner in Li Choy Fat and Company was Kwok Kam Chi, who appears to have had major responsibility for the export business and for dealing with the Communist government agents at Shum Chan. Kwok also ran a "cutting plant" in a ten-room house in Hong Kong, which was raided by the police in December 1952. Again, however, the best that could be done with Kwok was to kick him out of British territory. He is believed to be in Japan now.

THIS whole case is illustrative of the difficulties encountered by Western police and Western justice in trying to cope with a ruthless governmental organization and its poison salesmen. Six months of unremitting effort by the Hong Kong police broke up one dope-distributing firm and drove its members out of town. But the flow of dope through Hong Kong continues — other agents have taken the place of Li Choy Fat and his associates; and the massive Communist apparatus can still command its narcotic assets and its whip of fear.

The flow of poison from the government-controlled poppy fields of Red China extends not only to Japan and Korea, not only to the U. N. servicemen there, not only to Hong Kong and Thailand and Burma and

Malaya, but to the continental United States.

Already, the Anslinger report tells us, "large quantities of heroin have reached the United States from Communist China. Emissaries have been sent to the U. S. to arrange for the details of the smuggling transaction. One of the principals in a case in which at least 200 ounces of heroin were smuggled in from Communist China is now serving a ten-year sentence. In another case, which is still under investigation and in which at least 260 ounces of heroin were smuggled in from Communist China, a defendant has been sentenced to 15 years imprisonment." Late in May of this year, cleverly designed bags, containing 4 pounds of heroin, were found by Customs officers hidden under a lathe in the engine-room of a Norwegian steamer in New York harbor; the heroin bore Chinese markings and was believed to have been taken aboard at Singapore. Officials have every reason to believe that these seizures and arrests are only scratching the surface of a vast, well-organized dope ring with its roots behind the bamboo curtain in Red China.

Here is a list of the seizures, during 1952 alone, of narcotics traceable to Communist China.

		Kilograms
<i>Hong Kong:</i>	Raw Opium	935
	Morphine	
	Hydrochloride	5
<i>Singapore:</i>	Raw Opium	950
	Morphine	
	Hydrochloride	4

<i>Malaya:</i>	Raw Opium	3879
	Morphine	
	alkaloids	180
<i>Marseilles:</i>	Heroin	1
<i>Taiwan:</i>	Raw Opium	2
	Heroin	11.8
<i>Honolulu:</i>	Prepared Opium	.224
<i>United States:</i>	Heroin	1.7
	Heroin	.096
<i>Japan:</i>	Heroin	7.843
	Raw Opium	1.827

These seizures (which represent, of course, only a tiny fraction of the total exports) supply the final, irrefutable evidence of the criminal character of the Red Chinese government. It stands indicted in the court of world opinion as a common poisoner. Every civilized nation on earth is striving to suppress the use of narcotic drugs by its children, its weaklings, its unfortunate. Here in America we know only too well the terrible effect of dope on our young people, and the resourceful viciousness of those who supply them with it and encourage those not yet contaminated to become addicts. We have not yet, by any means — despite the efforts of devoted public servants and an aroused public conscience — been able to stamp out this menace to our youth.

It is in the light of these conditions that we must view the evil determination of Red China to pour out a flood of narcotic drugs which is deliberately designed to poison our sons and daughters and at the same time to provide that government with the resources to slaughter other young Americans on the battlefield.

QUEER CARGOES BY AIR

By Trevor Holloway



“YES — and pigs might fly!” To my mind, it’s time that old quip about the improbable were pensioned off. Pigs *can* fly, and they very often do these days — by plane, of course. In fact, they’ve been cloud-hopping in England for forty years and more — ever since the day when young Moore-Brabazon (now Lord Brabazon of Tara) popped a piglet into a wastepaper basket and slung it to the undercarriage of his Short biplane just to prove the old saying was a back number.

Even so, this flying piglet episode wasn’t exactly the pioneer of the air freight business. A Vizier who lived in the Middle East some six centuries ago had a shot at it. His master, the Caliph Aziz of Cairo, demanded some cherries forthwith. Now this was a trifle awkward for the Vizier as there just weren’t any cherries to be had on the spot at the time. In a 14th century volume called the *Book of Animals* is the story of how the wily old Vizier solved the problem. He set off post-haste to the nearest cherry-growing

region, taking six hundred carrier pigeons with him. Having bought the cherries, he tied small bags to the pigeons’ legs and into each bag put one cherry — and thus sent the fruit off by air mail, so to speak.

Actually, animals were given an airlift just a month ahead of the first human air passenger; for a sheep, a cockerel, and a duck went up in a hot-air balloon in France as long ago as 1783.

Nowadays elephants, alligators, pythons, and almost every animal you can see in a zoo or on a farm go by air — giraffes excepted, of course. It looks as though they will never know the joys of air travel, for lack of “neck room.”

One airline told me that every ninth passenger they carried these days was a four-legged one and that in a recent twelve-month period they had given an airlift to more than 155,000 birds, 13,000 monkeys, and 8,000 other animals. These “other animals” included lions, tigers, jackals, bears, zebra — and a racket-tailed drongo, whatever that

• • • • •



• • • • •

might be. An interesting consignment that arrived at London Airport not long ago included 7,000 tropical fish of all shapes and sizes and colors of the rainbow; 300 birds; and a large assortment of monkeys and snakes, plus several baby crocodiles.

AT LONDON AIRPORT B.O.A.C.'s livestock officer, Leslie Mason, has the job of ensuring that all animal freight have every possible care and comfort when traveling by air. In eighteen months a total of 30,000 creatures — fur, feather and finny — have passed through his hands, so he knows all the answers.

He doesn't need reminding that ostriches have a playful little trick of giving anybody they don't like a very painful peck; or that kangaroos can give you a hefty kick in the stomach which would knock you from here into the middle of next week.

And he's got a very great respect for pythons, too. When handling them he takes good care to hold them in such a way that they can't anchor their tails to anything. If they do, they will then be in a position to take anyone in their coils and give them a hug which is anything but a fond embrace.

There's not much Leslie Mason doesn't know about monkey tricks, either. Monkeys can be very temperamental when they choose and one of their favorite dodges is to show their displeasure by staging a hunger strike. A monkey on hunger

strike is a problem indeed, for they need more coaxing than a film star or a prima donna in a huff.

On one occasion Leslie Mason had a consignment of fully-grown orangutans on his hands, en route to America. They were all on a hunger strike. Even the most tempting morsels of banana, grape, and orange failed to interest them. They seemed determined to die, so Mr. Mason obtained permission to take them to his home near the airport and spent the whole night trying to induce them to break their fast. As a last resort he tried canary seed, of all things — and it worked! First one accepted, then another, and soon all had forgotten their sulks and followed suit. In a very short time they were eating raw egg, brown bread, and a cup of tea!

Incidentally, Leslie Mason has found to his surprise that monkeys can seldom resist a cup of tea. A well-sweetened brew almost invariably restores law and order when they are in a temperamental mood.

As animals are now such frequent passengers, B.O.A.C. has compiled a special booklet for the guidance of its staff. The book says that apes must be given a gunny bag or a blanket to wrap themselves in during the journey, and that if traveling alone they appreciate human companionship to keep up their morale! Zebras, antelopes, and other animals with a "kick" require boxes padded to a depth of at least twelve inches. Freighter crews are also warned that

when cages are fitted with a metal lining, this must be fitted by skilled artisans to be effective, "as a loose corner or turned-up edge may lead to the undoing of the whole structure at the hands of a persevering bear"! Which would be extremely inconvenient at 10,000 feet over mid-Atlantic — or anywhere else!

SO MUCH for Flying Arks, as they are called. Now for a few examples of other types of "queer" cargo by air. A few months ago one airline carried its heaviest-ever one-piece load — a 6½ ton propeller shaft 20 feet long. It was flown to Cairo for a disabled vessel.

Quite frankly, there's no telling what goes flying over our heads these days. Last year a dead octopus was flown from Hong Kong to a London museum, arriving just as another plane was taking off with 100 bars of solid silver aboard.

One freighter pilot must have been surprised when glancing through his loading list to read: "One cannon ball." Of course, it was a rather special cannon ball. It was fired by either the British ship *Worcester* or *Enterprise* at Donan Castle in Scotland during the Jacobite campaign of 1719. It was being sent to the American MacRae Clan in New York by Captain Duncan MacRae, together with an engraved silver plate telling its history.

Another unusual cargo with an historical flavor was a 600-pound replica of the Coronation Chair and

Stone at Westminster Abbey, which was flown back to Britain after being on view at a large Canadian store.

Ostriches can't fly, but their fine feathers often do — regular consignments being flown from Johannesburg to London and Sydney. Considerable trade is done in mother-of-pearl, dispatched by air from Cyprus to many parts of the world.

Sausage skins are flown to the world's ends from Tehran and Damascus, catgut goes to Cairo, dried fish roe to Egypt, and compressed sponges are frequently arriving at New York.

During recent years there has been an enormous increase in the transport of flowers by air. In fact, it has put British orchid growers on their feet, for they can now export to world markets. Plants worth as much as \$2,000 each have frequently crossed the Atlantic. American nurseries can likewise supply their choicest blooms "garden fresh" to markets many thousands of miles distant. Rare plants and blooms from British Commonwealth countries were a feature of the recent Coronation route decorations, arriving in specially chartered freighters in perfect condition.

So next time a plane passes overhead, don't be too sure it is carrying human freight. It may be anything — from gold or silver bars to racket-tailed drongos. And I'm still wondering what these fearsome-sounding creatures are like. Maybe someone can enlighten me.

Slander Not Thy Mother's Son

BY ROSA MEYERHOFF



PSYCHOLOGY tells us that nearly all our emotional and mental conflicts stem from an inferiority complex. More recently it has been termed a "guilt complex." If I were asked to name the ailment I would call it "subjective-itis."

The sufferers feel guilty or inadequate because they have not been able to fulfill the goals they have set for themselves.

And so they wallow in the poison of self-pity, self-condemnation, self-torture. They go on and on until the thought becomes a habit-pattern, till finally they come face to face with the realization that they had better put a halt to this habit-pattern — or else!

But how?

Habits are persistent things, and the only way to subdue them is to weaken them through neglect, so that they die from lack of attention. But since Nature does not tolerate a vacuum, some other, counter-thought must be created to replace the one that must be eliminated.

Of course we all know that a new interest for the mind is equivalent to first-aid treatment for the body.

Any interest is satisfactory, even one we do not like particularly. In fact, doing something we do not like becomes valuable training in strengthening the "muscles" of the will power, if the will is weak.

Making new friends helps in providing a new viewpoint and new avenues of thought. In cases where a person lacks the initiative to make new friends, it is well worth the effort to take the plunge, no matter how much energy it requires.

Even though the response may not be as gratifying as we would wish it to be, let us remember that it takes all sorts of people to make a world; the next effort will be easier, and the one after that may be quite fruitful. We will have gained something that is akin to taking the first plunge in the cold water when we go in for a dip at the beach. Once the trend is started, it becomes a pleasure, a game.

BUT before we can make friends with others, we must make friends with ourselves. We must be self-forgiving. We like to feel that we are liberal-minded with others,

and make allowances for their weaknesses. We must do likewise for ourselves, for we also are prone to weaknesses.

Just as we would bear with others, just as we would not slander others for their imperfections, we must not slander ourselves in our minds.

In Psalm 50 of the Scriptures we are warned against slandering "thy mother's son." Just as our brother is our mother's son, so also are we. We do not merely belong to ourselves; in the light of objectivity we are "our mother's son, or daughter."

What if we have made mistakes or *faux pas*? That was the best we could do at the time. We lacked either the wisdom or strength to do what we feel we should have done. Now that

we know better through our experience, we can start anew!

It is said in Psalm 103: "The Lord . . . forgiveth all thine iniquities . . . The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger . . . For He knoweth our frame." And if the Lord is merciful and forgiving toward us, we should be also, and strive to do better next time!

"Your mother's son" needs you now. Let us learn to look at ourselves objectively. That is the road that leads away from self-centeredness, or "subjective-itis."

Do not torture, condemn, belittle or slander "your mother's son." You have *proven* that you have the power to uplift. If you cannot uplift yourself, uplift "your mother's son."

Thoughts on Our Judgment of Others

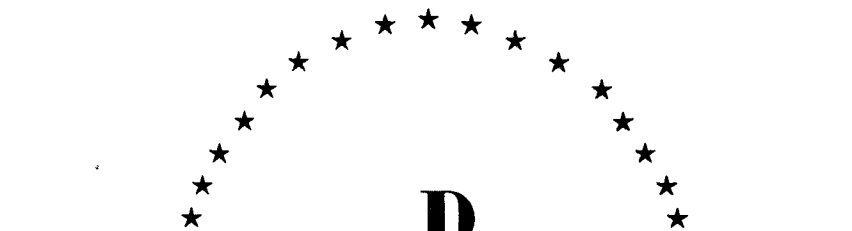
*By the Right Reverend W. Appleton Lawrence
Episcopal Bishop of Western Massachusetts*

"If you cannot make yourself the sort of person you want to be, how can you expect other people to always be what you would like them to be?"

These words have rather haunted me lately, and have, I hope, made me more sympathetic and generous in my judgments and criticisms of others.

We all find it difficult always to be and do our best. There inevitably are times when our characters sag and our enthusiasms wane. It is quite likely that we may catch others in the same situation, when they have a headache or have met some disappointment, or have something on their mind that we do not know about.

Just remember when you find other people making mistakes, that you are not perfect either.



Washington's Biggest Lobby

By Patrick McMahon

REPRESENTATIVE Daniel Reed, chairman of the powerful Ways and Means Committee, scared the daylight out of half of President Eisenhower's cabinet last June when he angrily accused Secretary of the Treasury Humphreys of violating a criminal statute forbidding lobbying activities by government officials. The rest of Washington, however, put its collective tongue in its collective cheek and enjoyed a quiet chuckle.

For if any serious attempt had ever been made to enforce the statute to which the irate Ways and Means Committee chairman referred, at least half of the cabinet officers, sub-cabinet officers, top-ranking generals and admirals and thousands of their aides over the past twenty years, would have spent considerable time in the jug.

The most powerful lobbies in Washington, today, are not those of Big Business, Big Agriculture,

or Big Labor. The lobbies that really wield a big stick over the heads of recalcitrant Congressmen are the lobbies operated by and for Big Government.

As Representative Reed well knows, the real heat on Capitol Hill is not turned on by the much-publicized private "vested interests" and their hirelings. It is applied — sometimes adroitly, sometimes roughly and ruthlessly — by the heavy-pressure groups maintained by the White House, the various branches of the Armed Services, the State Department, the Mutual Security Agency and other departments and agencies of the Federal Government. Pressure groups that are maintained at considerable cost to the American taxpayer, for the purpose of extracting an ever-increasing flow of dollars from the pockets of the American taxpayer.

The task of making friends and influencing people on Capitol Hill,

especially among members of the key committees, is a year-round job, to which nearly every Cabinet member, every agency head, all of the top military and naval brass, devote a considerable part of their time and thinking. Lobbying "must" legislation, and particularly their departmental appropriations through Congress is an absolute essential to the perpetuation and expansion of big government.

The methods differ from department to department, from armed service to armed service. But the basic details are essentially the same. Simply administer large, frequent, and ever-increasing dosages of persuasion and pressure, judiciously mixed.

Quite naturally, the novices of the Eisenhower Administration are sadly lacking in the finesse and polish of their immediate predecessors, a finesse and polish that had been acquired only after twenty years of experience in dealing with balky Congressmen under the New and Fair Deals. But whatever Ike's rookies may lack in experience, it must be admitted that they make up for it in zest, determination, sublime self-confidence and that old college "try."

THIS was thoroughly demonstrated in their recent campaign in ramming the excess profits tax continuation through the House, virtually over the dead body of the anguished Congressman Reed. It all started

out innocuously enough. In the traditional manner, Secretary Humphreys, Under-Secretary Folsom and various other cabinet members appeared before the Ways and Means Committee, each flanked by an imposing array of tax experts, economists, statisticians and public relations counsels, to advocate continuation of the excess profits tax. Each viewed the immediate fiscal future with grave alarm, and the long range future with bubbling optimism. The tax, they admitted, was a bad tax: bad for business, bad for the economy, and just plain bad generally. Nevertheless, they just had to have more dough, just this once more. Then they would come up with a new tax, based on justice, equity and sound economics.

Chairman Reed and his committee listened courteously and attentively, but weren't impressed.

Then came Phase Two. Mr. Humphreys, Mr. Folsom and other members of President Eisenhower's "Millionaire Cabinet," contacted personal friends, influential in the worlds of banking, business and manufacturing, and urged them to muster support for the tax among their friends and colleagues. The Secretary of the Treasury sent urgent letters to the N.A.M. and the U. S. Chamber of Commerce appealing for support, or if support was not possible, then at least a neutral attitude. It was these letters that Chairman Reed held were in

flagrant violation of the statute against lobbying by federal officials.

But Mr. Reed's angry charge served only to make the administration leaders slightly more cautious. After the briefest of pauses, they reopened the campaign with redoubled vigor. Staffs of government public relations experts were set to work, grinding out press releases. Major and minor officials went out to the grass roots, making speeches to all who would listen. Friendly newspapermen and editors were contacted and briefed. Conferences — strictly *ex officio* — were held with labor leaders and with Republican organization leaders throughout the country.

And then came the Big Heat.

Republican members of the House, and especially those on the Ways and Means Committee, were told by the Party whips that the excess profits tax measure was an absolute "must," and were bluntly advised to fall into line, or suffer the consequences. Those who refused commenced receiving telephone calls from heavy contributors back home. They started to get calls from officials in the national organization, the state organization, and, in some cases, even from the local GOP bosses in the districts they represent. And from each, the message was essentially the same — although delivered in varying degrees of tact and bluntness: "You'd better get in line, Congressman. Or next year you may find yourself going it alone."

IT TOOK a hardy political soul indeed, to ignore these warnings. For ever since the Inauguration, Republican members of Congress have viewed next year's elections with increasing apprehension. Few could complacently ignore the threat of being denied the support of the party organizations. One after the other — some fuming, others philosophical — they fell into line.

"Hell," said one veteran Congressman, almost as much in awe as in anger, "I haven't seen this kind of heat on the Hill in almost twenty years. Not since the fight on Franklin Roosevelt's Supreme Court packing bill. Why, they are even offering federal judgeships to swing over certain members."

Such rough and tumble tactics, however, are frowned upon by the more experienced government lobbyists, particularly the "pros" in the armed services, and the career lobbyists of the old line departments and agencies. Even when successful in the battle of the moment, they leave deep scars and tend to cripple the party leadership in the legislative wars to come. Much more to the liking of the pros, are the smooth, quiet, effective pressure tactics that were developed to the maximum degree by the Department of State, under Secretaries Stettinius, Byrnes, Marshall and Acheson. State, the rival government lobbyists grudgingly admit, has pushed more highly controversial legislation through Congress during

the past eight years than all of the other departments put together (although even State must take a back seat to the Air Force lobby when it comes to dipping the arm in the federal till).

Since the end of World War II, the State Department has maintained an aggressive and efficient Public Affairs division, whose several hundred officials and employes have primary responsibility for building up public support for State Department proposals and policies. This, of course, is in addition to the large public relations staffs and the Congressional liaison (gobblydegook for departmental lobby) staffs maintained by all major departments and services.

Year in and year out, the Public Liaison division maintains constant contact with the leaders of hundreds of private organizations, ranging from the N.A.M. and the C.I.O. to the League of Women Voters and the religious and educational organizations. The groups are supplied with tons of literature annually, explaining and extolling the policies and programs of the department. Various junkets are arranged for leaders of the more influential groups. Speakers from the department are supplied to conventions, forums, symposiums and meetings throughout the nation. Periodic conferences are held at the Department, at which top policy officials explain the various ramifications of our foreign policy, and in particu-

lar, the new programs and proposals under consideration, to selected members of the major organizations. Many of the stronger groups are brought into the family, as it were, and invited to name from the organizations, officials to serve as advisers, consultants or members of United States delegations to international conferences (all expenses paid).

LONG before controversial proposals reach Capitol Hill, the State Department has a fairly good idea as to which organizations will support, and which will oppose the particular measure. And with the greatest of ease they can muster phalanx after phalanx of witnesses to testify in their behalf, before the Congressional committees, each witness, of course, professing to speak for some umpteen thousand or sometimes several million members. And of course each of these members is a voter. At the lifting of a finger, they can deluge Congressmen with letters, telegrams and telephone calls from well-meaning voters back home, urging the support for such-and-such a foreign aid bill.

Meanwhile, of course, the public relations boys have been busy. (In Washington they are called "information specialists." Congress frowns on public relations activities by government departments.) From long experience they know which journals, editors and writers will

support their program, those who will fight it, and those who will approach it with an open mind. So the usual press conferences are held, and then a series of those intimate little dinners and luncheons, sometimes with even the Secretary, himself, attending and outlining the new proposal to a hand-picked group of correspondents and writers. And for years the State Department has followed the policy of rewarding friendly newsmen, by "leaking" to them exclusive stories of new developments.

And, when the legislative fight reaches its climax, then comes the *coup de grace*. Somehow or other a brand new international crisis is engendered, and even the most hard-headed Senators and Representatives find it difficult to maintain their opposition in a time of national peril. That is not to say that the Department deliberately instigates new foreign affairs tensions. But when they do not occur it somehow becomes necessary for the Secretary of State and other top officials to embark on one of those sudden and mysterious visits to Europe, Asia, or the Near East, and always they return with alarming reports of serious deterioration of the state of affairs.

USUALLY, though, Joe Stalin could be counted on to stir up the necessary crisis, all on his own. One of the unanswered puzzles in

Washington is the manner in which the Kremlin invariably came through to save U. S. foreign policy, just as it seemed doomed to defeat on Capitol Hill. As one American newsmen quipped to a British colleague, at the famed National Press Club bar, the day after the Communists pulled their abortive coup in Czechoslovakia, and at a time when the Marshall Plan seemed destined to almost certain defeat:

"If you Britishers had any real sense of gratitude, you would pay Old Joe a handsome commission on whatever you get out of the Marshall Plan. You owe Stalin at least seventy cents out of every dollar you have wheedled out of us since the end of hostilities."

Other government departments, particularly the Armed Services and M.S.A., have cashed in heavily on Joe's "lobbying" services. At one time the government lobbyists were using the activities of the Kremlin to justify everything from socialized medicine to vast public works programs.

It is true, of course, that despite its intensive public relations and lobbying programs, the State Department and its policies have become increasingly unpopular on the Hill and throughout the nation. But it is equally true, in the opinion of most Washington observers, that had it not been for those programs, the Truman-Acheson policy would have been repudiated years ago, instead of being carried over almost

intact into the Eisenhower-Dulles-Stassen Administration.

In varying lesser degrees of scope, intensity and expertness, the other major departments follow the general pattern laid down by State. Each has its official lobbyists (or Congressional liaison officials), usually of sub-cabinet, or, among the armed services, of one-star rank, who spend their full time planning legislative strategy, supplying members and committees of Congress with "helpful" information, and indoctrinating influential legislators in the needs of their particular department. Each has its huge staffs of public relations officials, and its special group of "reliable" correspondents and editors. Each has its methods of mustering support of various, powerful private groups.

The Defense Department not only maintains its own over-all lobby, but each branch of the Armed Services has one for its particular needs. A recent session of the Senate Appropriations Committee was attended — actual count — by three two-star generals, six one-star generals, fourteen "chicken colonels," and at least twenty majors and lieutenant colonels of the Air Force.

And, oh yes, let's not forget the junkets. One of the most popular

methods of winning over skeptical Congressmen, developed over the years, is for the department or service to scheme up a pleasant little excursion for their entertainment and enlightenment — at the taxpayers' expense. There are few members of Congress, who, during the course of a year, are not whisked away from the toil and the turmoil of Washington, to inspect a new battleship; christen a destroyer or submarine; view the Panama Canal; look over a new, old or proposed dam; see an atomic bomb-burst; attend military maneuvers; or study, first-hand, our overseas installations, programs and problems.

Then too, there is the social life of the Nation's Capital, the rounds of dinners, receptions and cocktail parties, where under the soothing influence of a third dry martini, many a hard-headed solon suddenly sees the light after a cozy, intimate chat with a persuasive Secretary, Assistant Secretary, General or Admiral.

It all costs money, of course, but it's very effective. And in one way or another, the taxpayer usually gets the bill. He pays hundreds of millions a year to support the government lobbies, and untold billions as the end result of their efforts.

» To sin by silence, when they should protest, makes cowards of men.
—*Abraham Lincoln*

The Wounded Warrior

BY MORGAN M. MILES

THE dirty prisoner train, hot with the fire of a prairie sun, and on edge with the sharpness of feeling between victor and vanquished, was about to lose hold of the most desperate and cunning outlaw the United States ever knew.

Carrying sullen Indian prisoners from the final surrender of Geronimo, it had rattled across the fiery plains of the Midwest for days. Through Missouri and into Illinois it rolled, then snaked wearily toward its goal: a prison at Fort Marion in Florida.

If the Indian POWs knew of the impending event, it was hidden in the furtive language of the Apache, disdained by the leather-faced guards of General Miles.

The train had just passed through St. Louis when a bronze Indian warrior dropped away from the rolling cars and disappeared as suddenly and completely as a jack rabbit slipping into its dugout.

An astonished guard brought his gun to bear, but if he fired a shot, there is no record of it. His sweaty trigger-finger relaxed and he stared

down the barrel of his rifle in blank amazement. His human target had vanished into thin air.

Perhaps the guard regarded the incident as meriting little attention. How could such a prisoner stay at large long? He wore only the clothes of the untamed Apache — a cloth about his loins, an Indian kerchief, and a pair of moccasins.

Yet this Indian prisoner, who bore the name of Massai, faded from the searching eyes of man for an entire year. He traveled 1500 miles from east of the Mississippi back to his own country and people at San Carlos, Arizona.

How Massai made the trip unseen remains one of the unwritten episodes in the history of the Southwest. His fierce mien, his overpowering personality and strange appearance must have raised alarm almost everywhere he went.

The solitary fugitive made his trip at a time when the greatest American and Indian scouts were active, when the United States Government was expending efforts to capture him, and the slightest sus-

picion of his movements would have brought armed searchers from all directions down on him. Yet his trail remains to this day as bare as the palm of one's hand.

IN FULL vigor, Massai reached his own people. To his bitter anger he found they had been completely cowed by the Government, and he wrathfully left them — to declare an unprecedented war on the whites and redmen alike. He saw himself as the sole remaining true Apache. The rest of the tribe had deserted the faith of the red fathers.

For sheer skill, ingenuity, and unrivaled physical power, the exploits of Massai from this point on put into the shade those of the Apache Kid, Quejo, Billy the Kid, and the rest of the outlaws of the Old West. They fought frequently in packs, as it were. But Massai murdered and plundered alone, utterly dependent upon his own personal courage and skill.

Every man's hand was against him and yet no man's hand could be laid on him. The trail he had left across the continent was invisible. But the trail he then proceeded to leave was as spotted as a leopard's skin — it was bloody with murder and rape, cruelty and kidnaping. It remains legendary with feats of almost superhuman physical power.

He invoked upon himself the wild law of the Apache: "The Wounded Warrior."

It was a barren and desperately

plain law when applied to himself. If lone and wounded Massai must die, then he would take as many of the enemy as possible.

With the imagined disgrace of his own tribesmen, the enemies of the "wounded warrior" were found among even his own people, and he struck with cunning and violence.

A murder committed one evening would be followed by another in the morning, so far removed from the original crime that for many months scouts and officers could not believe they had been committed by the same man.

A woman murdered in her home would be found at almost the same time as the mangled body of a lone prospector ninety miles away.

Only gradually and almost reluctantly did scouts come to realize that Massai possessed unequalled human endurance. If he traveled by horse, he rode it to the ground, killed it, ate of its hot, shivering remains and captured another animal to repeat the same process.

In desperate circumstances, he knew that slashing the animal's body and rubbing gunpowder into the wounds would drive the tortured beast into a final and fevered last exertion.

On occasion he swept down from the rimrock into an Indian village to kidnap a woman. In his mountain retreat he employed her services in cooking and making clothes. If flight became necessary, her survival depended upon the length of time she

could endure his headlong flights. To fail meant death and many kidnaped women died.

One of his demonic pastimes consisted of setting fire to a village at night and taking pot shots at people who fled from their burning homes into the darkness.

Mexican, Indian, and American scouts sought to puzzle out his elusive trail. The Mexican and American governments sent military detachments as Massai's toll of life grew to astounding proportions and as the outlaw grew bolder.

The eyes of Massai seemed everywhere. An Indian scout finally trailed him to his camp and then returned to inform Al Sieber, the famous chief of scouts at the San Carlos Agency.

But Massai had not been unaware of the scout's presence and had trailed him back to Sieber's quarters. When the Indian scout stood at night in the doorway of Sieber's cabin, Massai killed him with a ringing shot through the night.

Massai is credited with having destroyed an entire unit of Mexican cavalry by bringing them into a shallow gorge just in time to be swept away by a mountain cloud-burst.

ONE Indian woman, however, found her way into the favor of Massai. He had killed her mother and kidnaped the girl, whom he then carried into his mountain retreat and lived with her as his wife.

She possessed a strength which matched his own and he came to have an affection for her that was not unmixed with tenderness. When he learned that she was pregnant, he proudly refused to have his flesh and blood born amid the surroundings of his own wild life, and so returned her to her people. The girl later married and had other children but this one child was apparently the only one that ever carried the strain of Massai in his veins.

One can search through libraries and reference works in vain for more than a passing mention of the "Wounded Warrior" of the Apaches.

He covered his trail in both life and death. About 1890 it vanishes completely.

Whether he met death violently or by accident in some uncertain mountain pass—whether he fell sick and died or starved will never be known.

In any case, a conservative estimate places the toll of human life at the hands of this "Wounded Warrior" at no less than one hundred.

The record of his single-handed war against three races clearly establishes him as an outlaw unequalled even by our modern desperadoes armed with bullet-proof vests and sub-machine guns.

He was truly a "one man army" the like of which we'd as soon not see again, though an "Eye-Witness Account of the War of Massai" would make spine-tingling reading on a dark night out on the plains.



Prophet With Honor

THE STORY OF MARTIN DIES

By Howard Rushmore

THE passionate totalitarian liberals now charging the Fortress McCarthy had best take a quick look over their left shoulder at a new flanking threat building up along the ramparts of the Lone Star State.

The Texas prairies are far from the plains of Esdraelon, and Armageddon may never be waged on Davey Crockett's old shootin' grounds, but the new knight is nevertheless a dangerous entrant, battle-scarred and combat-wise.

His name is Martin Dies, and a group of his determined supporters are quite convinced that by the time the 84th Congress is called to order he will be the junior Senator from Texas.

The spectacle of Joe McCarthy and Martin Dies in the Senate as a one-two punch team is enough to send the liberals and ADA-ers staggering to their favorite psychiatrists, and to hell with socialized medicine. Whether this interesting political

phenomenon will ever come to pass depends, of course, on Texas and the incumbent, Lyndon Johnson, who is a neat vote-getter and fence-straddler.

No one in his right mind, even Arthur Schlesinger Jr., would call Martin Dies a fence-straddler. From the time he came out of Colorado City (in Texas, suh!) fifty-three years ago, Dies has been an aggressive individualist. He is probably the only anti-Communist alive who ever had a chance of being at least Vice-President just by keeping his mouth shut. Considering the caliber of the last two Democratic Vice-Presidents, this is far short of immortality, but the point is that Dies didn't bite.

He doesn't regret it, either. Dies has every right to be bitter over his current role as a historical footnote in the 83rd Congress, but he sits patiently in his plain office in the New House Office Building, surveying the Washington scene with his

pale blue eyes and displaying the famous wit that made him a favorite in the days before golf became a serious Washington sport.

He hasn't changed much from the time he stood almost alone in the halls of Congress, a husky six-foot Cassandra whose warnings went unheeded by those charged with defending the national security. His sandy hair still has a tendency to gather in a forelock and his squared, cowpuncher face still has that bulldog look that many a Comrade learned to dread on the witness stand.

One thing is certain: the people of Texas like their Congressman-at-large. When he decided to run again last year they rolled up 1,979,889 votes for him in the general election, more than the total cast for all the other Representatives of the state. Although he refused to campaign for Stevenson and received the good old bowie knife treatment from the regular Democratic organization, 1,514,796 Jeffersonians cast their lot with Martin, plus 464,472 Republicans.

All of which makes Dies a strong candidate for Johnson's spot when the latter runs for re-election next year. There is also the fact that Martin isn't a green hand at the game of politics. His father served Texas's second district from 1908 to 1919, and Dies himself was in Congress from December 7, 1931 to January 3, 1945, as both friends and foes of the original House Un-American Activities Committee will recall.

OUTSIDE of one stinging attack on the international Communist conspiracy, Dies has been comparatively obscure in the 83rd Congress. "I was told Sam Rayburn would keep me off the House Un-American Activities Committee because I wouldn't stump for Adlai," Dies tells friends. "That's politics, but I can't understand the Republicans. Look what Texas did for them. It would have been real smart of them to put the founder and first chairman of the committee right in there as a goodwill gesture to the Republican organization back in Texas. So I end up on the Merchant Marine and Fisheries Committee. Ain't seen a fish yet."

This partisanship on the part of both the Democrats and the GOP is unfair to a man who for six years ignored bribes, threats, and practical politics in his efforts to expose the Communist menace. His charging entrance into the murky waters of Marxism wasn't Minerva-like; he knew what he was doing.

As far back as 1932, young Dies, then a freshman Congressman, stood in the well of the House and demanded the passage of legislation which would boot out alien Reds. In a speech on June 6th of that year, Dies warned that the American Communist Party was "directed and controlled by Moscow," added that the local "comrades" had as their ultimate objective "the seizure of governmental power by an armed uprising."

He also listed fourteen methods used by the "comrades" to gain their objectives and singled out the Communist fronts as one of the party's most effective weapons. All this was far ahead of its time and had about the same effect a Taft-Hartley amendment proposal would have had before Speaker Henry Clay and the 12th Congress. But Dies has a faculty for pioneering.

He tried it in Texas on several occasions. After he took his degree from National University in Washington, Dies practiced law in Orange, Texas. During the 'twenties, it was not good politics to tangle with the Ku Klux Klan, but Dies did and was hanged in effigy by the bed-sheet boys. In 1928, Dies campaigned for Al Smith and carried his district for the Democratic candidate despite the virulent anti-Catholicism that sent the rest of the state into the Republican column. And Dies is a Protestant.

Although an early supporter of President Roosevelt, Dies said while a freshman in Congress that he was "old-fashioned enough to still believe in individualism in politics and in business." As the New Deal bureaucracy began to grow into economic dictatorship, Dies became one of the first Southerners to attack FDR.

Democrats who served with Dies in those days recall one event in 1936 involving Martin and the late President personally. A born storyteller and orator, Dies was fond of

practical jokes and was a favorite speaker at the annual Democratic picnics. Dies also had formed a Demagogues Club, and when FDR attended the 1936 picnic, Dies crowned Roosevelt "Honorary Chief Demagogue." The President didn't like it.

Dies, however, didn't achieve the rank of New Deal Enemy Number One until 1938. On July 21, 1937, the Texas Congressman introduced a resolution providing for a special committee to investigate un-American propaganda in the United States. Ten months later the resolution passed, 181-41, and Dies was given a \$25,000 appropriation to launch his investigation.

When he became chairman of this committee, Dies probably knew more about Communism than any member of Congress. But he was wise enough to know he still was a greenhorn in this complicated conspiratorial jungle, and one of his first moves was the hiring of Dr. J. B. Matthews, then, as now, America's top expert in the field. With Matthews directing the research and often examining the witnesses, the Dies Committee was off to a flying start.

DURING the next six years, Dies made a notable contribution to the nation's understanding of Communism. The committee in 1939 named ten Red-dominated CIO unions. Dies promptly was accused by the Administration and union

leaders alike of being anti-labor. A decade later the CIO itself booted out all ten unions. Educators were, if possible, even more arrogant and politically stupid in 1939 than in 1953. They denounced the committee's exposure of Communist professors, although within the past year many of those so named have been fired, albeit with considerable reluctance. Hollywood blasted Dies and whined that the film industry was free of Communists. Within the past five years more than 400 Reds have been bounced by the movie moguls, and among them were plenty of the "comrades" Dies had warned them about in the late 1930's.

Time and again Dies sent reports and files to the Justice Department. These records contained the names of more than 5,000 Communists or Red-fronters on the New Deal pay roll. The White House ordered the Justice Department to disregard these reports and the New Deal agency branded the Dies findings unreliable. All this despite the fact the committee records contained the now-familiar names of Alger Hiss, Nathan Witt, Edwin S. Smith, Lee Pressman, Donald Hiss and others named years later as members of the Red underground.

Meanwhile, the smear was on. "Joe McCarthy thinks he's had it bad," Dies tells friends. "He's too young to remember what happened to me back in 1938." Dies made it clear when his investigation started

that he would make a careful distinction between what was "obviously un-American" and what was "no more or less than an honest difference of opinion with respect to some economic, political or social question." This was ignored by a large segment of the press and radio, and Dies received a merciless battering.

The Administration tried political bribery. Word was sent to Dies that he might be considered for the Vice-Presidency if he would ease up on the Communist probe of unions and other New Deal pets. "Just be reasonable," he was told. Dies refused to bargain with the nation's security and said he wasn't interested.

Roosevelt called Dies to the White House several times and on one occasion in 1939 told him: "I don't regard Communism as an evil. Some of my best friends are Communists. I think Russia is a fine, great country and I admire Stalin."

When the Roosevelt charm failed, the President could be blunt. In one face-to-face meeting in the White House, FDR warned Dies the latter's political career would suffer unless the Texan bowed to the royal command.

NEVER a gracious foe, Roosevelt refused to give the Dies committee credit for its exposures of the German-American Bund and the Axis agents in this country. Dies had said in 1940: "What alarmed me was that some of our people were

beginning to choose sides between Communism and Fascism. I regarded this as a false issue. The important task, as I saw it, was to convince the people of this country that Fascism and Communism were fundamentally alike." Dies' investigation of the Bund and such local anti-Semites as William Dudley Pelley aroused the hate mob, and one of their favorite orators, Joe McWilliams, said "Christians are being misled by the publicity-seeking Dies Committee, which is Jew-controlled and interested only in exposing Christian activities and ignoring the real enemies of society, namely, Jew Communism." The howling liberals who had been bayoning "fascist" at Dies said not one word in his defense.

By 1944, Roosevelt had determined to "get" Dies. Treasury agents had been sniffing among his income tax returns to no avail, so the White House gave orders to build two huge war plants in Dies' district and to import 40,000 out-of-state CIO members as an anti-Dies voting bloc.

But the Congressman decided not to run for re-election. He was broke — contrary to the gossip of the time, Dies lost money during his fight against Communism — and he was in ill health. A throat condition had developed and doctors

warned him it might be malignant.

"I still think I could have licked that New Deal mob," Dies recalls today. "But I wasn't able to speak above a whisper." During the next year his throat responded to therapy and he resumed law practice. In another year he was the most popular speaker in the State of Texas and letters from all over the country kept pouring into his office in Lufkin urging him to run again. Some of the mail, particularly after the Hiss case, was apologetic. "You were right all along and we were wrong," some of his former enemies wrote Dies.

The political ostracism Dies received in the 83rd Congress was taken in stride. Dies is philosophical about it all. "I can make a contribution to constitutional government and sound fiscal policies," he says. Those who mourn with justification that the immense experience Dies gained fighting Communism is being wasted by Congress might try patience. Dies has plenty of it and the man who turned down the second biggest job in government because he wouldn't be bribed will be heard from again. Whether from the Senate or the House, the voice will have an old, familiar, and welcome ring to Americans who remember that prophets *do* have honor in their own country.

» Unless a man undertakes more than he possibly can do he will never do all that he can. — *Henry Drummond*



The MODERN BARBARY COAST

By Bayne Wilson

PIRACY is not yet something for the history books alone. History has made some areas of the world famous for smuggling, hi-jacking, and bands of men operating outside any law, national or international. The China Coast and the South China Sea, the Philippines, the Caribbean, and the Red Sea, became famous through the activities of "sea bandits" who frequently controlled all commerce.

For two centuries, one of the hottest spots in the world has been the western Mediterranean Sea with the adjacent coasts of Tunisia, Spanish Morocco, Tangier, and French Morocco, as far south as Casablanca on the Atlantic. History has given these shores a name — the Barbary Coast — and has recorded there every sin and crime imaginable.

Many people are apt to think that the Barbary Coast is dead, to be brought to life only in the romantic films of Hollywood. The truth is that today this area is the scene of illegal operations that would have stunned even the old Berbers!

I have just completed a tour of the "Barbary Coast," from Casablanca in the west, to Tunis in the east, with intermediate stops at Rio Martin, Tetuan, Ceuta, and Tangier. On the European side I stopped at Gibraltar, Algeciras, and Málaga. Even the casual visitor would be impressed with the large number of small, powerful, fast, ex-U. S. Navy PT boats, crash boats, etc., moored at the docks of Tangier and Casablanca. In the daytime there are scores in these ports, deserted, with no sign of life. But with approaching darkness they become a beehive of activity, as the crews load "sea-stores," and an hour after dark the docks are empty.

From Tangier, with a converted PT boat, the duty-free port of Gibraltar is less than two hours' run. Under cover of darkness, in one night, a boat can travel far up the Spanish coast, past Cartagena (the Spanish naval base) and rendezvous with Spanish or French fishing boats. Very seldom do these smugglers put directly into a Spanish port, for the

Spanish give all vessels flying a foreign flag careful scrutiny. But the native fishing boats come and go at will. These same fishing craft, operating out of Cadiz, Algeciras, Málaga, Barcelona, and Marseilles, rendezvous with boats from Tangier and Casablanca to keep western Europe supplied with the greater part of its American cigarettes, and foods of all descriptions. This is also the "underground railroad" for precious metals.

How, you ask, can these smugglers operate? The major reason is that they have the tacit approval and co-operation of many officials. In Tangier and Casablanca, even minor officials on meager salaries live in palatial villas, and drive new American automobiles. The military forces are tied down trying to keep the Arabs from turning a political revolution into a shooting one. Another reason is that all the smuggling operations are carried out at night, the boats running without lights, and once beyond the three mile limit they are, of course, outside local jurisdiction. There are no local craft fast enough to catch them — except another smuggler bent on hi-jacking the cargo. Then, too, Tangier is a free port. There are no duties payable on anything, cargoes are never inspected, and the ships need only pay the harbor fee.

I spent two days in the little town of Algeciras, on the Spanish side of the straits, and watched sleek fish-

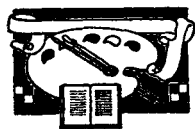
ing boats enter the harbor after a "night's fishing." The crews are surprisingly well-dressed, and when convinced that you are not an investigator, will try to sell you anything from cigarettes to jewelry.

In Gibraltar, I talked with various British officials who know perfectly well what is going on, but are reluctant to do much. "After all," one official told me, "our jurisdiction is limited to this rock. If they come in here we can impound them for the harbor fee, but that is all."

But within this smuggling empire, there is an ever-increasing rivalry for power. Boats have been commandeered, with false bills of sale offered to satisfy the legal technicality. There have been "gangland" murders, in the best stateside style, chiefly in Tangier and French Morocco. The press is usually informed that the deceased was the victim of some Arab nationalist — who is seldom apprehended.

At present, one can only guess at how far-reaching this activity is. That it involves trans-Atlantic steamers is obvious, for on several occasions rafts loaded with goods have been found floating far off shore above Casablanca, evidently before they were retrieved by the intended parties. On still other occasions, empty rafts have been sighted, reported, and later sunk as a menace to navigation.

Yes, the Barbary Coast lives on — history has recorded but a chapter; and there are more to come.



I've Got Those COBALT BLUES

By Joseph Stocker

I READ the other day that a distinguished art critic had diagnosed this amateur painting fad that is sweeping the country as a new disease. He suggested gravely that the principal germ-carrier is a chap by the name of Sir Winston Churchill.

I don't know whether Sir Winston rightly deserves the stigma of an artistic Typhoid Mary, but I do know that the epidemic has engulfed my household. My wife is an amateur painter.

Ida disclaims quite vigorously any connection with the fad, as such. At any rate, there is really no problem involved in living with an amateur painter — no problem, that is, if you are a sweet and adaptable fellow like me. I don't object in the least to plunging my hand into the top drawer for a pair of pliers and bringing it out bathed to the wrist in titanium white, cobalt blue, burnt sienna, and yellow ochre. Wet and sticky, yes. But the over-all effect is very colorful. And anyway, how else am I going to be able to

tell Ida that the caps have come off her tubes of paint?

And I have found it rather easier than I expected to break myself of the habit of eating. This was the one course left open to me, inasmuch as Ida paints only when the mood strikes her, and the mood only strikes her at dinnertime.

No, all in all, I don't mind being married to an amateur painter. Next to roast beef and brown gravy, I love the smell of turpentine best.

Ida's principal artistic adventure so far has been with a painting entitled *Melissa*. Melissa in real life was a professional model who posed for an art class Ida attended. The painting shows her in the nude — a sultry, voluptuous creature with long, dark hair, full mouth and a figure that would send Dagmar into precipitate retirement.

I doubt if the real-life Melissa was that handsome. I have a feeling that Ida took a liking to her while she was painting her. When Ida likes her models, she forms a sort of spiritual kinship with them and they come

out on her canvas looking positively angelic. When she doesn't like a model, the resultant picture bears a curious resemblance to one of the characters in a Major Hoople cartoon.

But there was something more than handsome about *Melissa*. She had a peculiarly sensuous quality about her, which caused me to think of the picture as not simply a nude but as a very *nude* nude.

MY IMPRESSIONS of *Melissa* were confirmed when Ida tried her out for size on friends who came calling. The reaction never varied. The men would look and their eyes would light up. Then they would smack their lips and say, "I don't know much about art, but that sure looks fine to me." The women would give small sniffs and start leafing quickly through the magazines on the coffee table, as though they expected to find a \$100 bill tucked in between pages 102 and 103.

Ida put the finishing touches on *Melissa* (these were indicated by her last-minute discovery that one of *Melissa's* hands had six fingers) and made ready to enter her in an amateur art exhibit.

That involved a great deal of suspense, since the exhibit only had space for a fourth of the pictures offered for hanging and we weren't a bit certain *Melissa* would be hung. Ida had the entire neighborhood sweating it out with her. When word came that *Melissa* had been ac-

cepted, she rushed out to break the news to the girl next door. "Janie!" she screamed jubilantly, "I've been hung!" Janie's first reaction was one of extreme shock.

It cost me twelve dollars to frame *Melissa* for the exhibit. I honestly welcomed the chance to spend that money. Otherwise I would have had to waste it on a new pair of shoes, which I certainly don't need as long as the cardboard reinforcement holds out in the ones I have.

And I enjoyed being dragged out to the exhibit on the night it opened, to spend two solid hours in the room devoted to oil paintings. Looking at the pictures? Don't be ridiculous. I spent two hours standing in front of the spot where *Melissa* was hung, because Ida wanted me to catch the reaction of people when they saw the picture.

It ran true to form. The men smacked their lips and said, "I don't know much about art, but," etc., etc. The women sniffed and turned to the landscapes. A little boy said, "Gee, Mama, lookie!" and his mama jerked him away so fast that it rattled his teeth.

THE exhibit is over and *Melissa* rests now on the wall beside me as I write. She looks more sensuous than ever. If I decide some day to do torrid love stories for the pulps, she will be an inspiration for me. As it is now, she is just a distraction. I don't know much about art, but, etc., etc.



EUROPEAN DEFENSE

Seen from Another Angle

BY ROBERT INGRIM

GENERALS Ridgway and Gruenther, the former and the present commanders-in-chief of the NATO forces, have stated unequivocally that the yawning gap of the West's defense can only be filled by German divisions. There are Frenchmen, not among the military, who would like to contradict. They want American troops to do the job, and their main objection to greater military preparations — on the part not only of Germany, but of Europe including their own country — is their fear lest America feel entitled to recall her soldiers as soon as Europe appears to be strong enough by herself. A strange and not entirely moral reasoning, yet it dominates French thought to a considerable extent.

From a purely mathematical point of view, it may be justifiable. If you need twelve divisions to fill the gap, why must they be German? Why incur all the dangers involved in

Germany's re-armament, if all you need to avoid it are twelve divisions, some of which could certainly be delivered by the United States?

This logic has at least two holes. First of all, twelve divisions become, after some years, sixty divisions — if we include the reserves, without whom a great war cannot be contemplated. And the reserves are the main purpose of the NATO and EDC scheme. To become a sufficient counterpoise to the crushing weight of the Communist empire, Europe must utilize her entire manpower, and America, even if she wanted to, could not act as a substitute. Secondly, the idea that the German defense gap can be filled by non-German divisions is psychologically unsound. Since it is Germany that borders immediately on the Soviet empire, that gap is on German soil, and no country can be defended without its own sons. You cannot defend America without the Ameri-

cans, Britain without the British, Germany without the Germans. No foreign soldier will have his heart in the matter, as long as the inhabitants are idle spectators. Every house destroyed, every bridge blown up at the behest of the foreign commander would create hostility between the population and its defenders.

Indeed, there is no alternative to Germany's re-armament. Is that alarming; is it surprising? Only to those, I think, who have been taught to mis-read Europe's history between the two world wars of this century. According to legend, the second war would not have broken out if the victors of the first war had not tolerated Germany's violating the disarmament provisions of the Versailles peace treaty. Very convincing, isn't it? Why on earth did they tolerate it? For the simple reason that even the most beneficial prohibition is senseless if it cannot be enforced. To condemn a defeated nation to permanent defenselessness is absurd for several reasons. Let us enumerate some of them:

(a) The principle of the balance of power is a very questionable device of maintaining peace, yet no better one has been discovered so far. Hence it is the best one we have. By imposing a one-sided defenselessness on the defeated, you may easily destroy the delicate texture of the all-around balance of power. In other words, you may encourage someone's appetite and aggressive-

ness. That's why Metternich after the fall of Napoleon I, and Bismarck after the fall of Napoleon III, at once insisted on the necessity of preserving France as one of Europe's great powers.

(b) No victorious nation is prepared to sit on the vanquished nation's coffin lid forever. At the same time, it is the defeated nation's natural role to aim at throwing off the yoke of the victor. Hence the "subversive" energy of the vanquished will always exceed the "preservative" energy of his conqueror.

(c) The defeated nation can be completely annihilated and extinguished or can be allowed to live on. There is no way in between. If it is allowed to live on, its resuming a normal national life cannot be barred for a long time. The very essence of normality is exterior security.

AND NOW, in the light of these three observations, let us recall what came to pass in Germany before Hitler. Her rulers, chiefly former trade-union secretaries, Socialist or Roman Catholic, or both in alliance, were more than peaceful; they were pacifists. Even the small army of 100,000 men granted by the Versailles Treaty was the Weimar Republic's Cinderella. Militarily, Germany was much weaker than the weakest of her unfriendly neighbors, Czecho-Slovakia. Since diplomacy without arms is an orchestra without instruments, Germany was

treated by everyone with neglect and contempt. Her leaders, all of them democrats to perfection, did not grasp the great opportunities offered to her by the short-sighted victors' decision to surround her by newly created artificial and therefore incohesive little states such as Czecho-Slovakia. Chancellor Heinrich Brüning's weak attempt at attaching rump Austria to Germany resulted in a disheartening humiliation.

Within Germany, the authority of a government that had no armed forces able to protect the country was necessarily frail. German youth, imbued with a century-old tradition of general conscription in peace time, yearning for self-assertion, flocked to the uniformed party guards that would have been an object of derision beside regular troops but acted as a psychological compensation for want of them.

What rendered Adolf Hitler popular in Germany and abroad, especially in Great Britain, was that, unlike his predecessors, he seemed to be propelled by a power-mindedness that appeared to be a return to political normalcy before it could be recognized as an intemperate obsession. At last, people thought, at last a man of action who will restore our self-respect, our prestige, our security and, so the British hoped, the European balance of power. Hitler re-armed Germany with Great Britain's encouragement and approval.

And here is a historical fact every

American ought to know and to keep in mind: the assertion that Hitler could not have become aggressive if he had not been allowed to re-arm his country is a hackneyed platitude. Real enlightenment shines forth from the truth that there would have been no Hitler if his predecessors had not been distinguished by an almost incredible lack of power-mindedness. The root of the curse Hitler brought upon mankind was not his re-armament but the one-sided defenselessness imposed upon Germany by the victors of the first war.

THAT recollection contains a lesson. It is a serious blunder to examine the present problem of Germany's re-armament solely from the point of view of filling the Western defense gap. In addition to that, there exist some other considerations of no smaller importance. The mistakes of the era between the two world wars must not be repeated. This time, Germany, fortunately, has found a leader who, no less democratic than the men of the Weimar Republic, is at the same time a *grand seigneur* endowed with a good deal of power-mindedness. Not for nothing did Winston Churchill call him Germany's wisest statesman since Bismarck's time. If he were denied the right to overcome his country's defenselessness, re-armament would surely be achieved somewhat later by men of smaller wisdom and ethics. That might make all

the difference. It is erroneous to think that the EDC idea is to this chancellor just a short cut to sovereignty and equality. He is genuinely afraid of the use unbridled successors might make of an unhedged national army. To delay Germany's re-armament until after Adenauer's term would be missing a great opportunity.

However, even more important is another consideration. Many people believe that unconditional surrender as performed by Germany is a one-sided declaration depriving the vanquished of any claim and right. In reality, unconditional surrender is a contract which, on the side of the defeated, destroys every right except one, and that is the right to peace. The burglar who raises his arms acquires by this symbolic act not only the right of safety from the policeman's gun but also the right to be protected by him against the crowd. By surrendering unconditionally, the vanquished puts himself under the military protection of his conqueror.

In the case of Germany (and Japan) this fact was emphasized officially by the setting up of military government which assumed the entire sovereignty of the German state. Now the supreme task of every government is not to feed the citizens but to give them the external and internal safety under which they can feed themselves. The watchword is security.

It could be said that that inter-

pretation of the sense of unconditional surrender was really too favorable for the defeated, who would then be allowed to sit back smugly and comfortably while foreign soldiers died for them. As a matter of fact, military government is, of course, entitled to call its subjects up for military service. And seen from the other side, that means that the defeated would lose their claim to being protected if they refused to do their share.

That, the Germans have not done. On the contrary, Konrad Adenauer seized the first opportunity, that of the alarm after the attack on South Korea, to offer what he called a German defense contribution. By doing that, he maintained Germany's claim to foreign protection.

GOOD diplomacy succeeds in getting imposed as an obligation what really is the fulfillment of its own desire. Under the EDC, Germany has the duty to present the European Army with her contingent. This clever design is, in a way, misleading. It encourages the French to forget that *Germany has a right to self-protection in inverse proportion to the will and ability of the victors to protect her*. In Paris, at the end of April, angered by Georges Bidault's cynical obstructionism, John Foster Dulles raised the question whether the French were prepared to die for Germany in lieu of the Germans, adding that the Americans were not. Since the French are certainly not

prepared to do so either, *Germany is entitled*, by virtue of the unconditional surrender contract, *to re-arm without foreign permission*.

In this light we ought to see the dangerous consequences of France's delays. On May 25, addressing a conference of his MRP party, Robert Schuman, France's former foreign minister, said that a government had not the right to refrain from defending a treaty it had signed. He complained bitterly that the debate on the treaties had not even started in the national assembly. This is a revolting fact. No one can prevent France from committing suicide; but she is not qualified to expose other nations to the appalling fate of Soviet invasion and occupation. It is a mistake to think that the Germans will be able to close the defense gap in a jiffy whenever they are given the green light. With each year passing, the Germans are losing two years; that is, the manpower harvest of one year and at the same time those growing too old to be employed as war-experienced officers and N.C.O.'s. That is a very serious loss.

Who can call the French to order? When General Eisenhower became President, there was high hope in Europe that he would be the man. Yet France's attitude has not changed. She still counts on our inexhaustible patience. Her obstructionism is a deadly threat to our divisions in Europe. Her attitude would change if the U. S. adopted

and proclaimed the correct view, that Germany need no longer wait for France's permission.

Yes, that would hurt France's pride but it would also save her. And who would be authorized to speak to her in that vein if not America? France likes to call herself our oldest ally. Agreed, but is it not the old friend's right and duty to pull her back from the abyss? Or is the old friend obliged to let her endanger his life? The French remember that Britain strengthened Hitler's hands but was virtually absent from the Continent when he finally struck.

The United States was France's unconditional ally in two world wars, in spite of the fact that there was hardly a direct threat to America's own existence. And after 1945, America treated France with tact and tenderness, accepting her not only as a fellow-victor but also as a guide through the European jungle.

It might have been a hopeless case of love unrequited. Neutralism is rampant in the French press, giving off the hot fumes of an evil disposition toward America, "the country of muscles without brain." That is a sad picture, but the French people have always been better than their politicians and journalists. Marianne is a capricious and emotional woman who wants to be coerced. If we do not do that, she will hate us as weaklings and spit in our faces. If we force her hand, she will go along, she will admire and perhaps even love us.



"Everything checks perfectly."

The Wild West



Starts on Fifth Avenue

BY JANET WILLIAMS

NOVELISTS, short story writers, film, radio and television scenarists specializing in "Westerns" are going to have to work longer and dig deeper for background material. For after forty-seven years in the New York Public Library, Sylvester Vigilante, chief of the American History Room, has retired. Vigilante is America's top expert on bandits and bad-men, and the sheriffs and rangers who pursued them. Top man too, on gunfighters, trappers, mountain men and plainsmen, Indians and trail blazers. Vigilante was the authoritative source for the writers' reconstructions of the Western scene.

A writer could ask Vigilante almost any question about the old West and get an immediate answer. How did Custer comb the yellow curls he took into his last fight? When did the Comanches quit trading white-women captives to the Cheyennes? When did the Crows last fight the Blackfeet? What about Bob Ford, who shot Jesse James in the back? Was Belle Starr more famous as

a horse thief than as a killer? The gentle Mr. Vigilante always had the answers — without reference to the index. Nearly always, without going to the files, he would write down the names and dates of books, magazines, and newspapers for the necessary background reading.

Now he has retired, and as he laughingly asserts, has gone to Vermont to hide from his Indian and gun-fighting friends.

One day I walked into the peace and quiet of Vigilante's office and asked him, "What, in your opinion, was the greatest Western tough-guy, Eastern-tenderfoot story ever told?" I thought that one would send him to his books. But it didn't.

He smiled and asked, "Did you ever hear of Roy Bean, the self-appointed 'judge' who acclaimed himself 'The Law West of the Pecos'? Bean was in love with a woman he had never seen, the famous singer Lily Langtry. He named the town he founded after her and named his saloon 'The Jersey Lily.' Well —



"A train slowed to a stop at Langtry at daylight on a morning in 1880. A salesman from New York got off to get some air and look around. There was a light in the 'Jersey Lily' ten yards from the track. The salesman dropped a \$20 gold piece on the bar and ordered a bottle of beer. Roy Bean served him. As he sipped the beer the salesman looked about for something with which to make conversation. Finally he said:

"My goodness, you raise nice grapes here."

"Grapes?" questioned Bean. "We don't raise no grapes here. Where you see any grapes?"

"There on the floor."

"Well, mister, them ain't grapes. Them's eyeballs. We had a fight here last night."

MR. VIGILANTE is a squarely built man, quick but soft-spoken, who looks like the kind of a man who, leading a posse and catching the horse thief, would shout "Okay boys, that's a likely lookin' tree."

After almost half a century of reading and research, Mr. Vigilante has reached some definite conclusions. Billy the Kid was just a neglected "punk." Jedidiah Smith blazed more trails than John C. Fremont. Bob Ford was a rat. Al Capone, "Legs" Diamond, "Pretty Boy" Floyd, "Baby Face" Nelson and other notorious hoods would have had their ears jerked off by any of the old-timers.

Vigilante likes to talk about the pure "cussedness" of "Doc" Holliday, the Tennessee dentist who tired of torturing people in his dental chair and went West to kill people with a sawed-off shot gun. And of John Wesley Hardin, who used to stroll into a tavern and bet the house drinks he could kill an innocent bystander across the street with one shot. But the love of Mr. Vigilante's book-life was Belle Starr, killer, horse thief, consort of the James and Younger brothers. He loved Belle because she was so damned bad, all through. He'll give you her right name and address—Myra Belle Shirley, of Carthage, Missouri.

The big lions which guard the entrance of the Library at Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue seemed to be smiling as a group of writers entered the building after the announcement of Mr. Vigilante's retirement. Silence forbade a meeting within Room 300, where Mr. Vigilante had his office. But there is a stone bench just outside and a meeting was held there. The writers protested the retirement.

"You can't do this to us," a writer asserted.

"But I'm getting old —"

"Hell, you're good for another 20 years."

Vigilante smiled, thanked them, began humming the chorus of "Cowboys and Indians," and walked back into "300" to finish packing.

Now they call the stone bench outside the Mourners Bench.



*A Lifelong Union Worker Fears
That Labor Has Gone Too Far*

are we **ROCKING** the boat?

BY FRANK BALL

THERE are those who think the pendulum of public favor has swung about as far in labor's direction as it is going to swing. Is it about ready to start back? Or will labor be able to consolidate its admirable gains of the past fifty years and stop the swing at its present maximum?

It goes without saying that within the lifetime of many of us, labor has enjoyed an emancipation from centuries of what might be termed "slave labor." Modern machinery and modern methods have made the eighty-four-hour week a memory. And paltry pay has been made a memory with it. But nearly everything moves in cycles: economic conditions know their booms and depressions; morality knows its zenith and its depths; religion has had its great awakenings and its degradations; tyranny has mounted the throne of time and been murdered later.

Let's get acquainted. This isn't Taft, Babson, Kaltenborn, or Mc-

Carthy under an assumed name. I am a semi-skilled worker in a railroad shop. Other than having a zeal for writing, I am little different from my fellows. I march in the blue-denim parade; have for thirty-five years. I have belonged to one of our oldest labor unions for twenty-seven years and am now in good standing—and will be until this article is published; maybe longer. The best material investment I have ever made was in union dues. I am deeply grateful to my union for protecting my seniority, getting me raises in wages, and looking after my interests generally. Definitely, I am a union man.

Before my railroad employment I worked as a ditch digger for a gas company, as a plumber's helper, and as a coal miner. I have seen the advance of organized labor in these and other fields. It would be a waste of time and space to enumerate the advances for which organized labor, and organized labor alone, is responsible. The question I am

asking is, How much further can we go?

As this is written, 1200 construction workers on two major expansion projects in Ashland, Kentucky, are idle by the strike of one group of workers, the bricklayers. The strike stops a \$50,000,000 strip-mill construction project and a \$26,000,000 expansion job of two major industries in the Ashland area. The completion of these two projects will bring millions of dollars to this section across the years.

The families of these men will have less to spend, the companies will lose, the companies that use their products will lose, as will the carriers that haul their products to market. And ever the waves from a little pebble widen.

WHAT caused the strike? The issue is not wages. Some floors were to be made from wooden blocks. The work was given to carpenters rather than bricklayers.

If labor can't find a proper solution for such jurisdictional disputes, how can we expect our employers to? The same principle throttles construction work in the building trades as a whole. A plumber must run a pipe through a wall of brick and tile in which there is electric wiring. The whole job is held up while the carpenter removes the baseboard, the tile-setter removes the tile, the bricklayer removes the brick, and the electrician gets his wires in the clear. When the plumber gets his

pipe through, the craftsmen skillfully replace their separate materials and continue on their way until another bottleneck appears.

During my experience I have actually observed scores of like instances. One observation will have to suffice. At one railroad plant, steam cranes were used to handle steel rail. A steam turbine that two men could lift generated electricity for the magnet used to pick up the rail. This turbine had to be repaired often, so an extra turbine was always ready. To make the change, two men operating a small ground crane stood ready to lift the first turbine from its moorings. But it was anchored with four small bolts. A machinist must remove them. The heads turned underneath the foundation and a machinists' helper was needed to hold the heads from turning. No one else could do it. A small guard must be removed. A boiler-maker had to be called. A drainpipe that could be turned by hand had to be taken out. A pipefitter had to do that. Two wires carrying the electricity away from the turbine had to be disconnected. An electrician had to do that. Seven employees active with two more, the crane men, watching. With a little welding beside the bolt heads to prevent their turning, one man could have done the entire job.

Is such finagling fair to an employer?

Out around the railroad track half a mile from the plant, a steam

engine is hung up with one hundred and forty cars of coal. An engine behind him is ordered to ease up and give him a push. He does, and Engine Number One proceeds on his way with his mighty load. Nice of Engine Number Two, wasn't it?

The entire crew of Engine Number Two get pay for an extra day for this boost. The same transaction takes place when a crew is ordered to pick up or set off a car when this move isn't included in the starting orders.

Do I want to change this? Certainly not. But I want to know how much further we can go.

Now I'd better get off the railroad before I get run over. Let's visit the mines. My hat is off to John L. Lewis. I worked in the mines before John L. gained access to the throne. He was striving for it, but he was only a water boy compared to his standing now. Yet no one has to strain his memory to recall the times when John L. has called out 500,000 miners with little more than the lowering of a bushy eyebrow.

"About all miners want to go back to work at existing wages," a miner once told me during a strike, "but we must stand by John L. Lewis. We can't let him down."

Before Lewis gained his power, mine operators and sheriffs with their henchmen even told miners how to vote — and they voted that way. (They had just as well; their

votes would have been counted "that way" anyhow.) But is it right for one man to speak for half a million men and tie up one of America's most important industries?

The same trend is being followed in other, though smaller, industries. A plant near my home struck several times during the recent war although not more than ten per cent of the employees wanted to stop work. Most of them were told of the strike decision after they were already on the job.

Here's another construction strike, going on right now. This one, unlike the other previously discussed, *does* involve wages. While the carpenters are striking for a raise from \$2.62½ an hour to \$2.87½ an hour, all the plumbers, painters, electricians, bricklayers, hod carriers, and laborers are standing by. In a sense, so are building supply companies and their men, transportation companies and their men, wholesalers and theirs, and on back to the producer. The companies have offered an amount to within twelve cents of the carpenters' goal. But the carpenters keep hundreds walking the streets and thousands of dollars idle, waiting for a paltry twelve cents an hour.

How long will it be before they regain the lost wages — even if they get the \$2.87½? And don't you think that \$2.75½ an hour is pretty good wages? Who among the Edwardses or the Jukes, the Morgans or the Does, hasn't seen like situations? And who isn't tired of them?

Do You Know That . . .

- ▶ Sixty-two diplomats in American embassies and consulates in Iron Curtain countries have been linked to espionage activities by Congressional and other investigations.
- ▶ Contrary to popular belief, sunshine is not only of no benefit in tuberculosis, but often has seriously harmful effects on the patient.
- ▶ The former director of lie-detector examinations at the Oak Ridge atomic installation announced that 600 employees or applicants for jobs had revealed during the tests that they had withheld information in their job applications. The revelations pertained to such things as major crimes and membership in doubtful organizations.
- ▶ Unemployment in the Hollywood studios has been linked to the increase in the number of films being made abroad in order to take advantage of income tax savings available to Americans who spend 17 out of 18 months outside of their country.
- ▶ Chu Teh, Commander-in-Chief of the Chinese Communist Army, praised Soviet Russia recently for her loan of 300 million dollars to Red China to buy "industrial equipment."
- ▶ There never has been a real mutiny in the American Navy, although a son of a Secretary of the Navy was hanged a century ago for attempted mutiny.
- ▶ Before recent cuts in personnel, there were almost 185,000 American civilians working for the U. S. Government in European and other countries abroad.
- ▶ Starting as early as 1922, there have been over a dozen purge trials in Soviet Russia and her captive countries, resulting in the death or imprisonment of hundreds of victims.
- ▶ Economy-minded Congressional investigation disclosed that there was nothing in the Civil Service regulations to nullify the payment of retirement pensions to former Government employees convicted of perjury as were Alger Hiss and William Remington.
- ▶ The Smithsonian Institution, whose branches include the National Museum and the National Gallery of Art, was founded by the bequest of James Smithson — an Englishman.
- ▶ According to the Bureau of Labor Statistics figures, strikes since the end of World War II have cost workers almost 4½ million dollars in wages lost.
- ▶ The Russians plan to be the first to visit the moon. They claim they can accomplish it within fifty years.

NORA DE TOLEDANO



Mrs. Smith Comes to Washington

By ELIZABETH CHURCHILL

ON JUNE 1, 1950, a doorman at the United States Senate, exercising his privilege of freedom of thought and freedom of speech, made a profound statement: "There's too many women in the Senate."

When Margaret Chase Smith, the one and only lady Senator, heard this facetious remark, she promptly wrote to each of the some 37 guardians of the Senate doors, asking who had sired the statement "while on official duty." Although the Sergeant at Arms told the doormen that it was compulsory to answer Mrs. Smith's letter, none confessed. The lady Senator still doesn't know "whodunit."

This incident points up Senator Smith's outstanding characteristic and her Achilles heel: her feelings are easily hurt.

The Senator, known as "Maggie" to some and as "Margaret" to others, is a comfortable armful of tailored femininity, and it can be said that she is well-liked by all her male colleagues in both parties. Wolves in the press gallery have openly ad-

mired her pretty gams. She arranges her grey hair in an attractive fashion, and nearly always wears a dark worsted suit, preferably blue. Her trade-mark is a red rose worn daily in a tiny lapel vase.

Senator Margaret has been a hard-working girl all her life. Born and raised in Skowhegan, Maine, she graduated from Skowhegan High in 1916. She went to work even before graduation and progressed from the local "Five & Ten" to switchboard operator, weekly newspaper, and then to a woolen mill. It was while she worked at the *Skowhegan Independent Reporter* that she first met Clyde H. Smith, who was publisher of the weekly. They were married in 1930. Clyde Smith came to the House in 1937 where his wife, 23 years his junior, served in his office as his secretary. On his deathbed in 1940, Congressman Smith made an appeal to his constituents to continue his policies by electing his wife in his place. This they faithfully did, defeating Margaret's opponent ten-to-one. She

remained in the House for eight years, before she ran for the Senate in 1948.

IN THE PAST, particularly when she was a member of the House, many Republicans resented the lady legislator's long record of New Deal voting. She was as consistent as the sunrise and there never seemed any hope of bringing her into the regular Republican fold.

However, a year ago last spring, a strange phenomenon occurred in the United States Senate. Her fellow Senator, Owen Brewster of Maine, a never-deviating, always-dependable G.O.P. party-liner, suddenly began casting his *yeas* and *nays* with the New Dealers. It was a last-minute effort on his part to pick up some of the "liberal" votes in Maine for his early spring primary. His colleagues dropped their jaws in astonishment, and Senator Brewster went down to defeat in June.

At the same time, the Republican party-liners were in for another shock. Senator Margaret, being more politically "hep" than Senator Brewster, sniffed the political air and swung into the Republican line, causing her colleagues to reach for the smelling salts. After having collected themselves, they echoed to a man, "There's our girl!"

Senator Margaret has been faithful ever since. Not only that, but she can point her finger at all ninety-five of her fellow Senators and boast that not one of them can match her

voting on economy. And that's a fact.

With a new Republican Congress, Margaret Chase Smith achieved her ambition to become a committee chairman. She presided over the Armed Services subcommittee which investigated the shortages in ammunition. She did this calmly and efficiently, though not brilliantly, reluctant to do anything which would make the investigation controversial. Maggie spoke only when necessary and her questions were read from carefully prepared notes. It was a ticklish situation, implicating both past and present high authorities.

In contrast, the aggressive and fearless Virginian, Senator Harry Byrd, picked up the ball and carried it straight down the field, keeping up a running stream of questions and letting the chips fall where they might.

ALTHOUGH Senator Smith has made a number of speeches both in the House and in the Senate, it was her famed "Declaration of Conscience" which lifted her high into the limelight and dropped her in the middle of the "McCarthyism" scrap. From February to June of 1950, the political pot had been boiling from coast to coast over the charges made by Senator Joe McCarthy of Communists in government. The Tydings committee had finished its sensational hearings, and the nation had picked up a new

vocabulary. "Whitewash," "character assassination," "cover-up," "smearing innocent people" were a few of the catch phrases which became a conversational diet from drawing rooms to Senatorial debates. They were heard on the radio and read in the press.

And then came the day, June 1, 1950, when the little lady from Maine rose to her feet and began to speak her piece. She mentioned no one by name; but the foes of McCarthy were delighted. The left-wing press rejoiced and echoed every word they assumed was aimed at the Senator from Wisconsin. They gave the silent treatment to any darts she directed at the Democrats in the speech.

"Mr. President," she said, "I would like to speak briefly and simply about a serious national condition . . . The United States Senate has . . . been debased to a level of a forum of hate and character assassination, sheltered by the shield of Congressional immunity . . . The Constitution . . . speaks not only of the freedom of speech, but also of trial by jury instead of trial by accusation . . . The record of the present Democratic Administration has provided us with sufficient campaign issues without the necessity of resorting to political smear."

The press was aroused from their loafing and reading, and had crowded into their press gallery. The attendants were murmuring their per-

sonal opinions, and the Senators paid attention. At the conclusion of her speech she presented her Declaration of Conscience in which she pulled the bow and let fly again. Among other causes of why the Republicans should have a bad conscience, she said: "Certain elements of the Republican Party have materially added to this confusion [by the Democrats] in the hopes of riding the Republican Party to victory through the selfish political exploitation of fear, bigotry, ignorance and intolerance."

The Declaration was co-signed by Senators Charles W. Tobey of New Hampshire, George D. Aiken of Vermont, Wayne L. Morse of Oregon, Irving M. Ives of New York, Edward J. Thye of Minnesota and Robert C. Hendrickson of New Jersey. The seven became known around the Capitol as "Snow White and the Six Dwarfs."

SHE CLAIMS that she seldom makes speeches in the Senate, although she lists thirty-nine. She does not believe in making a speech unless she has something "important to say" and because "I do not want to bore the other Senators or impose on their time." However, she recollects two she made concerning William Boyle, former head of the National Democratic Committee. The first speech, she said, caused a ripple of displeasure on the Democratic side, and the following day the aged but spry Senator Green

from Rhode Island rose to his feet for rebuttal. Looking over his pince-nez, the grandpop of all pince-nez, he shot a glance in the direction of our Maggie and proceeded. Senator McCarran, seated directly in front of Senator Green, looked up at his colleague and in his high-pitched voice warned, "Better not get tangled up with that woman."

Although Senator McCarran has a unique score of exposing Communists in government, and has received his full share of the epithets "character assassination," "smear tactics," etc., Senator Margaret is a great admirer of his.

Perhaps it has been Senator McCarran's kindness toward her which helped to bring the senior Senator from Maine into the conservative fold. Besides changing her voting in that direction, she has become active, rather than merely vocal, in her opposition to Communism. In the very first days of the new 83rd Congress she tossed a bill in the hopper "To outlaw the Communist Party and similar organizations," and another "To prohibit the transmittal of Communist propaganda matter in the United States mails or in interstate commerce for circulation or use in public schools."

BUT it would seem that it is always her sensitiveness which gets her in trouble. She took to heart a paragraph concerning herself in the book *U. S. A. Confidential* and sued the authors, Lait and Mortimer, for

a classical \$2,000,000. Having been in Congress for sixteen years, she has not yet learned that politicians cannot afford to have thin skins . . . at least not outwardly. While the paragraph went comparatively unnoticed, and certainly was quickly forgotten, the pre-trials of the suit have caused her most unpleasant publicity in her state, where she comes up for re-election in 1954. In the light of this, it is hard to believe she would have permitted her lawyers to require the defendants to prove a number of their assertions, such as "State when the defendants were in Washington, when the plaintiff 'was making one of her typical boneheaded speeches.' Specify occasions . . . when the plaintiff 'reacted as a woman scorned, and not as a representative of the people.' State the name of the Senate doorman who said of the plaintiff, 'There's too many women in the Senate!' Identify the persons and proposals for which it is asserted . . . that the plaintiff is or has been a 'left-wing apologist.'"

A cure for these hurt feelings might be found in a little Persian poem called "The Roses of Kabir." It was translated into English by May Folwell Hoisington:

"Plant thou a rose for him
Who sows for thee a thorn.
A briar grows for him,
For thee are roses born."

These should be the roses found on the lapel of Margaret Chase Smith, the Senator from Maine.

ADOLPHUS BUSCH



Master Brewer



BY HARRY T. BRUNDIDGE

It was in the year 1875. Adolphus Busch the First, the St. Louis brewer and even then the acknowledged Brahmin of American brewers, and his great friend Carl Conrad were traveling in what was then Bohemia. They spent a day and a night in a monastery near the ancient city of Budweis. Busch was intrigued by a beer brewed there by the monks. He was so impressed that he made a cash deal with the monks for the recipe, the yeast, and the exclusive rights to brew it in America. Busch raced his precious yeast in an ice cream freezer across the Atlantic, and on to St. Louis. The next year, "Budweiser" was born.

It's a beautiful and romantic story, a legend oft-repeated by some officials of Anheuser-Busch. But unfortunately, there is not a word of truth in it, as August Adolphus Busch the Second, now president of the firm, recently told me.

Now, before telling the true story, let's beat back to the real beginning. It was the year 1860 and it was moonlight on the Mississippi River. The hur-rump of love-sick frogs

could be heard over the slosh-slosh-slosh of churning paddle wheels as a log-burning steamboat moved down river south of St. Louis. From the saloon came the clink of poker chips as the river gamblers took the suckers. Out on deck, dark-skinned roustabouts were humming Foster's "Nellie Was a Lady":

*Down the Mississippi floatin'
Long time I travel on the way —*

Adolphus Busch, twenty-one years old and looking much younger, was the boat clerk. He was only a few months removed from Mainz, Germany, where he had been born July 19, 1839, the youngest of twenty-one children. Having completed his studies, he had followed a brother, Ulrich, to St. Louis. But now, as he listened to the rattle of chips, the songs of the frogs, and the gentle music of the negroes and the paddle wheels, he decided this was not the life for him. He had no desire to follow in the wake of that dashing young pilot, Samuel Clemens. What to do?

Even as young Busch reflected,

Eberhard Anheuser was doing some reflecting back in St. Louis. A successful soap manufacturer, Anheuser had suddenly found a brewery in his unwilling hands. Five years before, a man named Schneider had founded a small brewery near the banks of the Mississippi. It had a capacity of 3,000 barrels a year. Three years later Schneider was broke, and a competing company took him over. Anheuser loaned this company — Urban and Hammer — \$90,000 for expansion purposes. Then the new company failed and the soap manufacturer inherited the brewery. Before the failure, the new concern — named the Bavarian Brewery — had pushed production to 8,000 barrels. But it was a headache for Anheuser.

YOUNG BUSCH quit the river. In St. Louis he became an outstanding salesman of brewers' supplies, a business in which his father had been engaged in Germany. He met the beautiful Lilly Anheuser and they were married on March 7, 1861. Then he went away to war. St. Louis was overwhelmingly Confederate, but Adolphus decided to defend the Union which had offered him freedom and a future. He returned as a corporal, and went back to selling brewers' supplies. It is interesting to note that while Busch was fighting for his country, his father-in-law suggested that St. Louis brewers pay a voluntary tax of \$1.00 a barrel on their beer, to help pay military costs.

(That was the beginning of federal excise taxes.)

In 1865, Anheuser, after operating the Bavarian Brewery for eight years, reached the conclusion that soap, not suds, was his dish. So he asked his son-in-law Adolphus, who knew and loved beer, to take over the brewery. Busch became general manager. Just what early changes he made, what innovations he created, are not now remembered by members of the Busch and Anheuser families. But in five years he had increased the capacity from a hard-to-sell 8,000 barrels a year to 18,000 barrels of quick-selling beer. By 1873, the year in which he became a full partner, he had increased the capacity to 25,000 barrels, and expansion was necessary.

Busch's first great contribution to brewing — and to other American industries — was a successful refrigerator box car. Busch had shrewdly calculated that a great market was his for the taking in the hot Southern states, if he could deliver his product. He perfected the car, built trackside ice houses for the replenishment of his own St. Louis-made ice, and tackled Texas. The venture was so successful that he moved into Louisiana, other Southern states, the Midwestern area, and eventually into almost every state in the Union.

His second great contribution was pasteurizing bottled beer. He was far ahead of his time in visualizing what he could do with the bottled product. It was considered impos-

sible to offer really good beer in bottles. It just didn't keep. From the beginning of his days as general manager he visited Europe frequently — and nearly always with his family and his pal, Carl Conrad, to study the advancement of brewers. On an early visit he learned about Louis Pasteur. From Pasteur, Busch learned a secret. He could hardly wait to get back to St. Louis. True, his pioneering of the refrigerator car for perishable draught beer was both a technical and financial success, but he had long dreamed of shipping an unrefrigerated beer, in bottles, all over the world. Back in St. Louis, Busch went to work with his technical staff and in 1873, after many failures, the brewery perfected a pasteurized bottled beer which could be shipped anywhere in the world — and was!

Budweiser was introduced in 1876 at a time when Anheuser-Busch was already producing sixteen brands of beer — most of which would soon be dropped. Its origin was romantic, despite the fanciful legend about the monastery — and actually, Carl Conrad, Busch's great friend, had an important part in its creation. Busch spent many hours in Conrad's fabulous restaurant, discussing a perfect brew. They worked out a recipe. Busch was to make the beer and the restaurant was to try it on the public.

This beer, they decided, was to be brewed from premium-priced ingredients. It was to be a true lager,

krausened — a slow process which permits natural carbonization. It was to be *gemütlichkeit* — a product made in a frame of mind of good spirit, and made with the heart as well as the hand. The writer hardly needs to add that it was an instantaneous success and was soon being sold all over the world. It could be bought in Germany, France, England, Australia, China, Japan, and most cities of Central and South America.

WHAT kind of a man was Adolphus Busch? He was not particularly tall, but commanding. He was a great actor, and played merchant-prince and prince equally well. President Taft affectionately addressed him as "Prince Busch." St. Louis clergymen, not too fond of alcoholic beverages, voted him "St. Louis's First Citizen." Once he was selected as America's "greatest salesman." He was the close friend of presidents, kings, and emperors and lived in St. Louis, Pasadena and Germany in splendor rivaling any of them. He knew almost every one of the thousands of employees of the world's largest brewery. He was a patron of the arts and a philanthropist. His hair, goatee and mustachios — waxed at the ends — were a trade mark in his younger days. They were really magnificent when they turned white, when I first knew him in my boyhood days not long before his death in 1913 — when he nicknamed me "Freckles." When he

died, there was a day of mourning in St. Louis.

Long before his death, Busch had turned over most of the responsibilities of the brewery to his son, August Adolphus. The old gentleman loved travel and spent more and more time away from St. Louis. But he was always in close communication and made final decisions on important matters.

AT THE turn of the century young Busch came upon the metal crown. It looked good on Budweiser bottles. Budweiser had always been bottled like champagne, with branded corks, wiring, and tin foil. It was a slow and expensive operation. But the metal crown! Just a crimping of tin! Busch was in ecstasy.

When the old gentleman heard about this meddling with metal, he was near apoplexy. He took the first boat home. But young Busch had anticipated this and played it smart. Cases of Budweiser, with the new closure, had been shipped on round-trip voyages to the hottest and coldest ports of the world for the purpose of testing climate changes with the new cap. Brewery chemists found the beer unchanged. When Adolphus returned in his wrath and read the chemists' reports, he beamed at his son and agreed that August's meddling was good. Adolphus knew his work was done.

With the death of his father, August became president. In many ways, he was like his father, for he too was

a fabulous figure, a great salesman, a wonderful executive, and also a "First Citizen" of St. Louis. But they played their roles on entirely different stages. The life of Adolphus was a sort of light opera in which fortune smiled upon him endlessly. But the life of August was all drama and at times near melodrama. From the day he became president he had to smile and fight back bravely each time failure or misfortune struck, to hold family and empire together.

He had been president less than a year when the first world war began — and Prohibition was in the offing. Then came war-time Prohibition, followed by the Eighteenth Amendment. The old ship was sinking, but the new skipper salvaged it. "What would father have done?" he asked himself. All the male members of both families pitched in — the tireless and resourceful Eberhard Anheuser, Adolphus the Third, brother Gussie the Second, Leicester Busch Faust and Adalbert von Gontard worked with a new zeal with "Papa" Busch directing.

The story of those years would require a book, but by venturing into the brewers' yeast business (today a gigantic industry), by building Diesel engines, truck bodies, and making soft drinks, near beer, corn sugar, corn syrup, malt syrup — and a dozen other products — August kept the vast plants spread over some 115 acres activated, and his army of workers intact and on the pay roll. And during this period, he led the

fight for repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment.

I think I can safely say that the happiest hour of his life was at 12:01 A.M., April 7, 1933, when, with every factory whistle in St. Louis screaming, the first truck loads of Budweiser rolled out of the brewery. But he was then a tired and very sick man, and he died February 13, 1934. In passing I'd like to say, as many have, that he was the kind of a man we'd all like to be. His sons, Adolphus III, and August II, took over.

Things hummed. There was another era of expansion — and then came the Second World War, when the plant made, among other things, glider wings and submarine engines. At war's end, a much decorated "Gussie" returned to the brewery.

I know "Gussie" and I know he would like to sell more beer than

any other brewery in the world. He did not do it — quite — in 1952, when Schlitz sold 6,347,295 barrels against the Anheuser-Busch output of 6,340,433 barrels. But "Gussie" is proud of the reason for his failure to be first. He refused to "cut corners." He could have cut a corner, and taken first place, by reducing the aging time of Budweiser by five days.

Krausening, the old method of natural carbonization, also delayed production. Should he abandon this traditional method in favor of the modern carbonating methods? "What would grandfather have done?" Busch asked himself and continued not only *krausening* but filtering with beechwood chips, in the old, traditional way. "Gussie," like his father and his grandfather, is passionately interested in making beer — with *gemütlichkeit*.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

11 East 36th Street, New York 16, N. Y.

Please enter a subscription to
THE AMERICAN MERCURY in
my name as indicated below:

Name.....

☐ 1 Year \$4.00

Address.....

☐ 2 Years \$7.50

City.....

ENCLOSED \$.....

☐ BILL ME LATER

Canada \$4.50 (1 year)

Foreign \$5.00 (1 year)

\$-3

VILLAGE REBORN

By A. A. Hoehling



WANT to buy a lovely, three-bedroom colonial home for \$2,700, no down payment; or rent a duplex of similar charm for \$25 a month, with all modern conveniences and proportionately low living expenses?

There are no strings. It's all part of the picture at what is probably the most unique hamlet in the United States—Quoddy Village, just beyond the borders of Eastport, Maine.

It started out eighteen years ago as a workers' town for the Passamaquoddy Dam. It was no mean jerry-ville either; the architects built well and with vision.

When Congress shattered President Roosevelt's dream for New England's greatest hydro-electric system, a village was left, but scant else.

Engineers moved out. The National Youth Administration moved, with youthful exuberance, in. The place became a vast classroom.

After World War II commenced,

the students in turn bowed out in favor of the Navy's engineer corps, the Seabees. The staccato shouts of drilling salts echoed over the 149 acres of this easternmost soil of the United States.

When the last gun had been fired in the far-distant Pacific, when the last I.D. card had been presented at the main gate, a complete town sprawled in the wake of a vanished naval population. Its 240 structures, in addition to dwellings, included two apartment-house-type barracks, a 200-bed hospital, a 50-office administration building with library and theater; a chapel, a gymnasium, a paneled officers' club and a 600-foot drill hall.

In scope, it was the equal of many of the nicest suburbs—and more self-sustaining, thanks to a power plant, wharves, a railroad siding, and a water tower. But chipmunks and occasional deer and bears were the only inhabitants.

Until two years ago, Quoddy was a village in name only, a forlorn,

fenced-off ghost town. Then Sid Grossman, of Quincy, Massachusetts, a wartime salvage expert, saw possibilities.

He bought the abandoned site on the shores of Passamaquoddy Bay from the War Assets Administration and incorporated it as Passamaquoddy Properties, Inc.

Now it's the white hope of Eastport's 3,500 population — where joy has been a well-leavened emotion ever since the great dam project ground to a halt. Moreover, this village is illustrating a new concept in habitation and industry too.

A TOTAL of 70 families, representing approximately 300 persons, are now living in Quoddy Village, the majority of whom are buying their homes. For those who find even the \$25-a-month rental or payments a bit steep (and in this area many families must live on \$800-a-year incomes) there are other arrangements, such as temporary free rent in return for the occupant's refurbishing his home himself.

Newly-painted exteriors, shutters with ship designs, window boxes and flower gardens have brought life and color to a community which, two short summers ago, was a neglected and all-but-forgotten stepchild. The occupants vie with one another to create the most attractive homes, with prizes awarded annually.

Interiors, by the same token, have been repainted, repapered. Heating is a matter of individual

choice. Walls are piped for central heating, although kerosene stoves have long been the choice Down East.

One has to know the semi-depressed nature of a remote community dependent on a seasonal industry like fish and fish-packing to appreciate the startling modernity of Quoddy's dwellings, and how they are regarded by those whom they shelter. Ask Mrs. Thelma Lank, mother of three children.

"We love it," avows Mrs. Lank. "It's fixed up and painted. We have a bathroom and everything. In town, you know, it's hard to get a house with a bathroom."

Mrs. Lank and her husband, Frank, both work. While he is busy at a packing plant in Eastport, Mrs. Lank, a former sardine-packer herself, is making moccasins at a new shoe factory right in Quoddy Village, a couple of blocks from her front door.

Her place of employment and that of 61 other persons is one of the outstanding examples of the efforts to attract new industry to the area. Two young brothers from Boston, Benson and Richard Flanzbaum, commenced operation of their moccasin factory only in January.

Already their product is in demand by department stores throughout the country and production has been stepped up to 800 pairs a day, with a goal of 2,000 likely.

Factory space in a former barracks

was furnished the industrious brothers rent-free, until such time as production would be on a sound, profitable basis. Other new businesses in the village include a chemical company which manufactures "essence" for artificial pearls from fish scales; a large refrigeration plant; and a machine shop. There are also a grocery, a radio-electrical store, and plumbing and carpentry shops.

WHAT Quoddy is offering, to management and employees alike, is out of this world. Grossman's venture should, understandably, evoke sharply raised eyebrows from those who are not acquainted with his past performance.

In the Boston area his name is synonymous with a number of civic endeavors. He has rehabilitated other, smaller groups of abandoned houses and is always looking around for more.

As might be assumed, he's a firm believer in the long-term investment. Bending over backwards to give his tenants the best possible break will produce its own dividends some day, he is certain. In short, he is a sort of dream landlord.

"There's no telling how many new businesses may move in," says Arthur Stevens, manager of the village. "The thing is in its infancy. You know, one of the most remarkable aspects is the way men and women who were familiar with fish-packing alone are learning new vocations."

Delivery trucks, the paper boy the postman — all these homilies of suburbia are familiar to Quoddy, very much as they are in La Grange, Illinois, or San Mateo, California. But you won't find a Main Street or a Maple Avenue. The streets are named for Seabees killed in the war: Evans, Johnson, Dresner, Deeks, Meyer, Conner, Goba, Vanasse, and others.

On a typical block the residents' occupations run something like this: U. S. Weather Bureau forecaster, owner of a metal shop, taxi operator, maintenance man in the shoe factory, foreman in the Eastport packing plant, a chain grocery store employee, etc.

Babies are born here, just like anywhere else. But because the average resident is only thirty, there are few weddings and — happily — almost no funerals. And pets abound.

Electricity, telephone service if desired, their own water system, and a top-notch fire department plus a city-type fire alarm hook-up, afford residents just about all the protection and conveniences they could ask for.

"And," adds Stevens, with a quiet, reserved twinkle typical of Down Easters, "we have probably the only blue fire house with yellow shutters in the country."

That, indeed, is only one unique characteristic of Quoddy. The nation should be hearing a lot more about this — the village that refused to die.

FROM CAVES TO CAFÉS

By Betty Diehl &



Thomas D'Amico

THE difference between the old-time prostitute and the mink-draped call girl of 1953 is as startling as that between the biplanes of

World War I and today's Sabre-jets. Theirs is the same old business, but the girls have changed. And so has the public's attitude toward them!

What is the true sociological picture of this love-for-sale business? Does it show that our present-day society accepts and actually glorifies — rather than condemns — prostitution when it is associated with higher income brackets and so-called “big names”? And does it show, once again, that prominent persons often escape censure by the general public when they are hailed into our courts?

The answer is, “Yes.”

A case in point is the recent trial in New York of Minot “Mickey” Jelke III, the 23-year-old heir to oleo millions, who was convicted of procuring.

She was HETAERA to the ancient Greeks, LA COCOTTE in Gay Paree, a SCARLET WOMAN to those who rode West in prairie schooners. Now she's the café society CALL GIRL. But no matter what her label, the meaning is the same.

The cast of characters in the Jelke affair — all habitués of the smarter nighteries, winter and summer resorts — were portrayed as

leading a life of social and personal irresponsibility which no prostitute from the time of pagan debauchery has ever achieved. The detailed newspaper accounts of their glamorous possessions — diamonds, mink coats, and Cadillacs — suggest that we *are* tending to glorify prostitution in our society.

Young Jelke was pictured by his lawyers as a poor little rich boy, the victim of unscrupulous pimps and prostitutes, because his social rating made him a natural prey for such people. The press was barred from the courtroom by General Sessions Judge Francis L. Valente during the early stages of the trial. Charges that high officials and “important persons” (whose names were listed in the “little black books” of the call girls involved) were being

protected were leveled at the court and prosecution. Some of the names did manage to creep into print, and the reporters had a field day listing such initials as "B. D.," "H. G.," "H. A.," "R. C.," and "F. F."

ALL this was a strange parallel to another case that rocked New York back in 1836. That was the sensational Ellen Jewett murder case. Miss Jewett, a beautiful, twenty-year-old lady of the evening, was done in with a hatchet and then burned in her bed in Rosina Townsend's notorious brothel. Richard P. Robinson, the nineteen-year-old son of a wealthy family, was promptly arrested and charged with the "most atrocious murder." He had been the girl's lover.

But when he was brought to trial, Robinson was acquitted. And James Gordon Bennett, the famous crusading editor of his time, wrote in his *New York Herald*:

"The evidence on this trial—the trial itself—and the remarkable disclosure of the manners and morals of New York is one of those events that must make philosophy pause—religion stand aghast—morals weep in the dust, and female virtue droop her head in sorrow. . . . *A number of young men, clerks in fashionable stores, are dragged up to the witness stand, but where are the married men—where the rich merchants—where the devoted church members who were caught in their*

shirts and drawers on that awful night? The publication and perusal of the evidence in this trial will kindle up fires that nothing can quench."

The old custom of riding debauchers out of town on a rail seems to have been left far behind. The last time, in a major sense, that the long arm of the law was raised in protection of the public morals was when vice lord Lucky Luciano was arrested and convicted for operating a gigantic prostitution ring. The accounts of this case were avidly followed, but the public was shocked. The newspaper coverage wasn't any more restrained than it is now. There was a difference in the *reader*. There was no envy of those poor girls who plied their trade in squalor, nor was there any envy of the strong-arm panderers. There is no difference in the legal or moral aspects of the Jelke and Luciano cases.

The principals in the Luciano case were not received with open arms at the big resorts and plush night spots ordinarily patronized by our more solid citizens, because in spite of their lavish spending their presence was felt to lower the standards of the establishment. The Luciano group just wasn't "high class" enough to rate plugs from radio disc jockeys and gossip columnists, both of which amount to a sort of endorsement.

This apparent difference indicates that we are progressing toward the glorification of prostitutes and irregular, pathological, extra-marital

relationships. No more than a generation ago any indication of promiscuity and sexual irregularities meant professional destruction for a celebrity. The "Fatty" Arbuckles of the past were booted out by their studios and often died in obscurity, while present transgressors are actually rewarded with bigger box office receipts!

THERE has been no era of culture in the history of mankind in which some form of prostitution hasn't existed. But the attitude of the modern urbanite is what is unique in the situation. Although prostitution has always been tolerated on the periphery of various societies and cultures, it has never approached an acceptable way of life.

In many present-day primitive cultures one may find evidence of the "religious" prostitution which was common in the ancient Near East. Much has been written about this religious, or temple, prostitution which was extant among the Semitic and Hittitic tribes at one time. Priestesses would offer their bodies in religious rites in the worship of the major goddesses of fertility, such as Ishtar and Astarte. While this may have been condemned since by historians and theologians as blatant evidence of irreligiosity and depravity, one must remember that it was not considered so at the time. Although men had actual sexual contact with the tem-

ple ladies of joy, the act was considered a symbol of union with the goddess in whose honor the rite was being conducted. The act was believed to promote fertility in plant and animal life in the group, and to further benefit the society by promoting virility in the menfolk.

Temple prostitution was also manifest in the Greek period. The act was carried out in connection with the rites that were held in the temple at Corinth in honor of Aphrodite, the goddess of love. The seasonal fertility rites of ancient Greece also encouraged this sort of religious prostitution.

The organization of Greek family life and the theory of societal living also promoted the prevalence and respectability of private prostitution. The place of the Greek housewife was in the home; she was a loyal and industrious housemaid and a breeder of children. The purpose of the relationship was that of studying. The Greek warrior and business man found little sexual excitement in this drudge that marriage produced. So the more prosperous and prominent males associated *publicly* with the *Hetaerae*, who were more mistresses in the call girl tradition than straight-role prostitutes. And like the modern call girls they were relatively superior freeborn women who had an ambition to rise above the social class to which they were born. They could not marry into the wealthy and more prominent classes by reason of social pres-

sure, and like our call girls they sought to circumvent the social codes by consorting with the playboys and businessmen of the classical world.

PROSTITUTES never attained the respectability in the Roman culture that they had enjoyed in Athens and Corinth. While prominent Romans consorted freely with the shady ladies, they never entered into public relation with them as did the Greeks. Prostitutes in Rome were set apart from the general populace. They were compelled, under threat of strict penalties, to wear distinctive dress, live in special districts and to register with the local authorities.

The leaders of the early Christian church were as vehement against prostitution as the ancient Hebrew prophets. St. Paul and St. Augustine were particularly active in their denunciation of commercialized vice. The church, however, was usually more lethargic in this respect. It derived a large source of income from the proceeds of prostitution. Medieval friars were among the more prominent customers of prostitutes. The political states of medieval Europe, like the church, put prostitution under legal ban. However, the control of prostitution was left to the localities, and the local governments were extremely tolerant under the theory that prostitution made the moral woman immune to sexual aggression. In the interest

of public order, some regulation of prostitution was instituted, however. Again we find that the proceeds of the vice were taxed. Distinguished visitors and tradesmen were entertained in municipally-controlled establishments. Throughout the Middle Ages prostitution was common and respectable in most towns.

At the close of the Middle Ages there was an overwhelming change in the public's attitude. Once again the basis for condemnation was not on moral grounds; this time it was promoted by the wave of fear that swept along in the wake of an epidemic of syphilis. In 1495 it was estimated that about one-third of the population of Western Europe died as a result of the disease. The closing of public brothels was believed mandatory to an effective control of the social scourge.

The Protestant Reformation added some moral suasion to the public clamor, but fear of the disease was by far the greater motivating factor.

As the result of the so-called spirit of enlightenment at the beginning of the nineteenth century, the belief was engendered that controlled prostitution was the best way to deal with the problem. This approach was established in France about 1800, and many other countries on the continent soon followed suit. Great Britain, where prostitution was banned officially, none the less enforced medical supervision.

IN THE United States, prostitution has been around since the Mayflower landed at Plymouth Rock. *At one time Jefferson suggested that an orderly bawdy house be kept on the campus of his newly-proposed University of Virginia!* The first Congressmen arriving in Washington 150 years ago shared their stage coach seats with prostitutes. Backwoods officials had to leave their women at home, so primitive were the transportation facilities of the period. So the scarlet women took advantage of this situation and did a land-office business in the nation's capital!

During the nineteenth century, prostitution prospered as a result of changed social and economic conditions. The large contingent of unmarried males in the eastern industrial areas and the mining towns of the West created a market for hustlers hitherto unknown. The lawlessness of the West and the ease of obscurity in the large urban areas helped prostitution increase in popularity. The situation became so alarming that St. Louis was forced to adopt the European system of public regulation of prostitution. This experiment lasted from 1870 to 1874, but was deemed a failure.

Bishop Simpson of the Methodist Episcopal Church took to his pulpit in 1866 to charge that there were "as many prostitutes in New York as there were Methodists!" Expensive brothels lined the city's main streets and some of these luxurious

establishments even sent out engraved invitations. Houses of ill fame made their appearance with cigar-store dummy fronts, and such "parlor" houses as Flora's on Greene Street served champagne to their customers.

As a result of an investigation for prostitution, Chicago abolished its red light districts in 1912 and a wave of American cities followed suit. However, the result was to scatter prostitution, and it went underground. Congested cities made it easier to hide. This, of course, promoted another evil. Racketeers, being enterprising individuals, saw the opportunity to organize these scattered prostitutes into huge vice rings which were to grow steadily into one of the most lucrative underworld activities — far surpassing bootlegging.

No one to date has tried control on the basis of moral suasion.

The elaboration of present-day urban America on the basic pattern of prostitution takes a form akin to the Hetaerae, the "call girls" of ancient Greece. But the most conspicuous difference lies in the added function of the modern café society call girl; while her ancient sisters catered to purely sexual desires of wealthy patrons, today's "Hetaera" does this and more. The modern call girl not only caters to the carnal needs of her patron, but in addition serves as an "entertainer" of visiting firemen and thus helps promote sales programs for

big business. As such, she has come to have a legitimate place on the expense account.

The high-class call girl is escorted to glamorous and respectable night clubs, theaters and resorts, sleekly groomed and decked out in expensive clothing and jewelry — usually paid for by her patron. Actually, she has become a symbol of the patron's financial success. Union with the priestesses of the temple symbolized union with the goddess of the temple, and it is just as well understood that union with a stylish call girl symbolizes a solvent bank account! It also indicates the patron's virility, or at least vanity.

For the female partner in this alliance there are parallel benefits which go beyond financial remuneration. It is possible for her to travel in the same circles as the debutante and other café society celebrities by means of her only available assets — her good looks, her body, and her veneer of "worldliness."

In this success-happy land of ours, the end has come to justify the means. In the last twenty-five years, prominent people experiencing brushes with the law have not been crushed by the burden of public censure. "Mickey" Jelke's father, John F. Jelke, many years ago was convicted of conspiracy to defraud the government and later for violation of the pure food laws, paying fines totaling \$44,614.87, and

sentenced to two years in prison. Yet the family name continued to "rate" in the nation's high society down through the years.

Success as we understand it today has a single aspect — the acquisition of goods. A good look at our value system will make more comprehensible the growing acceptance of immorality in our culture. Psychologically, a value is anything that an individual makes his objective — for any reason whatsoever. In our generation there has been a marked deference toward great wealth. We have esteemed and conferred prestige upon the behavior and attitudes which great wealth carries. Although this has always been so, it is particularly characteristic of our time.

The detours of the call girl, though unethical by societal standards, have become essential to her obtaining her objective. However, once the final gain has been made, the detour is also accepted. It is easy to see the individual may soon accept these unethical detours as values. These are the ways one becomes wealthy or these are the ways a girl can get a mink coat!

It is no longer simply a question of rejecting the prostitute. *The real problem we must face cannot be solved in our courts because it is the problem of the reconstruction of our value system, which has been prostituted by these strivings for success that have departed from the teachings of home and church.*



The Store Downtown



By HARRY THOMPSON

THE dusty stage coach from old Peter Stuyvesant's Nieuw Haarlem above little old New York came to a halt at the stage coach depot, in front of Callanan's Great Store at No. 43 Vesey Street. Vesey was a waterfront thoroughfare back of and in the shadow of St. Paul's Chapel of the Trinity Parish, on the Broad Way at Fulton Street. A gentleman whose silk pants seemed a little tight and a little hot aided his pretty lady in alighting from the stage, and opened her parasol.

"Darling," he said, "as you know, I have a little business on the docks. Can you shop for an hour or so and meet me here in Callanan's?"

"Of course, my dear," she answered. "I have a little list of things to order for the coming week. I have it here in my reticule. Here it is — maybe you will want to add something."

The husband read her list:

Five pounds steak, fifty cents.
Five pounds corned beef, forty cents.
Five pounds venison chops, fifty cents.

Five pounds coffee, forty cents.
Two pounds fish, ten cents.
Bushel potatoes, seventy cents.
Barrel apples, dollar twenty-five.
Five pounds cheese, fifty cents.

"Is that all we need?" he smiled.

Blushing, she whispered: "There's a sale on muslin drawers — only five cents for plain ones, nine cents with lace. I'd better get three pairs."

"Get the lace ones," he grinned, "and here's five dollars. That will take care of everything, won't it?"

"Indeed it will, including some change for the poor box at St. Paul's, for I intend to find time to go over there and say my prayers."

THAT was 100 years ago! Today, there is still an affinity between St. Paul's and Callanan's, for they are the two oldest inhabitants of the neighborhood. St. Paul's was opened in 1766. It was here that George Washington came afoot to say his prayers after his first inauguration.

The store was founded in 1845, by one Peter Lynch and in the same

year was acquired by Commodore Lawrence J. Callanan, a colorful and militant merchant. He had a big blackboard in the store on which he used to chalk editorials on topics of the day. His favorite subject was proper weights, and he demanded "a law."

Callanan's specials were 41 blends of tea and 43 blends of coffee and "epicurean delights" from all over the world. Saturday was the big day in the store. Men from all walks of life gathered there for talk and coffee.

There was a little more than just a delicate hint about "moonshiners" when the Commodore decided to sell something stronger than tea and coffee. He went into the liquor business in a big way and his advertisements in the New York newspapers set forth, among other things, that "when I made up my mind to sell wines and liquors, I determined that I would sell none but pure goods. That when I was asked for rye or bourbon whiskey, or any other kind of liquor, the customers would get that liquor pure, whatever price was asked for it."

Callanan, in his advertisements of wines and spirits, did not fail to add: "N.B. I make a specialty of Church Candles of Stearic and Beeswax of all sizes and Pure Vegetable Oil specially prepared for Altar use."

PRICES, in those days, as the reader may have figured out

from the shopping list of our pretty bride from Nieuw Haarlem, were amazing by present-day comparisons. A man could buy a tailor-made overcoat for from \$5 to \$18; a pair of pants for \$2.50, a coat for twice that much, or a complete suit of the best material for around \$12.50. Good restaurants featured meals, from soup to dessert, at as little as 10 cents. But as Edmund Dietz, now store manager of Callanan's, points out, "That was in the good old days."

Callanan's, like the shadows of St. Paul's, lives on and on and on. Today — as 108 years ago — Saturday is the big day, when men from all walks of life gather to talk and drink coffee. Admirals, generals, financiers, judges, lawyers, editors, government officials — they are all there. They shop the meat department for Irish bacon, grouse from Scotland, choice escargot from France; they roam the half-block-long delicatessen for sausages from Holland, France, Italy, and cheeses from all over the globe. Today, it's like a club. They meet their wives, shop and sip and carry their packages home, for Callanan's has no delivery service.

"What's the answer to Callanan's success?" the writer asked Dietz.

"Simple," he said. "The store was started on the idea of cracker-barrel philosophy, and you can still get your hand in the cracker barrel down here — for free."

Benjamin Mandel



Keeps Working

By NELSON FRANK

IT IS UNLIKELY that anyone working in Washington has as much pleasure doing his work as Benjamin Mandel, presently Research Director of the Senate Internal Securities Subcommittee and a former member of the National Committee of the Communist Party. He gets paid for his work, it is true, but even if he didn't, he would be doing the same sort of thing either for someone else or on his own — as was the case before he first went to Washington some fourteen years ago.

Ben Mandel is a man whose mind is constantly working and he fairly oozes with ideas to annoy, disrupt and destroy the Communists, their agents and agencies both here and abroad. A casual FBI agent dropping in to ask for a single fact may find himself loaded down with suggestions for getting the maximum data on his subject. "The worst of it is," one once complained, "they are all so valuable that you have to follow them through."

Friends or even acquaintances are

constantly getting postal cards from Mandel that contain anything from a tip for a headline story to suggestions for writing a book. He has been the godfather of a number of books and has even ghosted one himself. All, of course, had one aim: to expose the Communist conspiracy that Mandel knows so well, having been on the scene and watched it from the inside.

He was expelled back in 1929 under his party name of Bert Miller, the first in a series of top leaders who refused to obey the orders of Joe Stalin, then just taking over the world Communist machine. Though he lingered on the outskirts of the party for several years more, by 1934 he had set himself to work to undo any services he may have performed for the "comrades," and with something over to spare. He was fortunately possessed of a sense of humor which made it possible for him both to laugh off his own original mistakes and to enjoy the pleasure of outsmarting the Commie machine, single-handedly at first, then in co-operation with government and private agencies.

Gradually he built up a circle of friends who realized that here was a man to call on for information and a man to heed if he called or wrote about Commie operations. There was the time in 1938 when he returned to his home in New York and noticed in the *Daily Worker* that a forthcoming rally at Madison Square Garden was listed as having as its key speakers a governor and other assorted important personages. Presumably none of the big shots realized they were being used by a Commie front, but Mandel knew it for what it was. A few coins for phone calls to officials of respectable organizations who trusted him, and the word was passed along. The rally was held as scheduled but days before, all the principal speakers had withdrawn and only the frontiers were on hand to speak.

It was that same year that he read a story in the *AMERICAN MERCURY* called "Comintern Agent" by an unknown writer telling of his work in the international Red underground. He wrote the author, care of the magazine, met him and later financed him while he wrote the whole story of his experiences. This was Jan Valtin and the book, *Out of the Night*, was a best-seller and Book-of-the-Month Club Selection that infuriated the comrades.

It was Valtin who later jokingly said, "You know, on Ben's tombstone we'll have to write just one word: 'Activist.' Then we'll have a quote from his works. It will be,

'Something Ought to Be Done.'"

BEN MANDEL was born in New York City and educated there. He passed examinations to become a school teacher. His subject was stenography, typing and shorthand.

As a youngster he was caught in the tide that followed the Socialist Party and joined in the movement that succeeded in electing one man to Congress and others to city and state posts. When the Russian revolution split the party into those who were for or against the Soviet idea of socialism, Mandel was with the majority that split to form the Communist Party. Almost at once he was recognized as an able man and he became so active in party and party-controlled organizations that he surrendered his tenure in the public school system and became a full-time party functionary.

One of his posts was as an official of a party-run outfit called the Friends of Soviet Russia. It was here that he saw the party taking for local political purposes — money collected to help victims of the famine in Russia, something that was just good Bolshevik practice, he was told.

He was given various party assignments in Boston and Chicago. It was in the latter city that his natural gift for getting a quick idea gave the party one of the best victories it had in those days. As the comrade in charge of a demonstration protesting the presence in this

country of Queen Marie of Rumania, he was told to have his pickets shout a word which was something like "Plotescue." The party propagandists had found, they said, that this word, the name of a town, was offensive to her and was not permitted to be used in her presence. It was supposed to have been the scene of alleged debauchery by members of her court. His few pickets were soon pushed back by the police and shoved aside by the huge crowd of cheering citizens. Mandel began moving around through the crowd calling "Shout Plotescue, it's a Rumanian word of greeting, shout Plotescue. . . ." The word was taken up by the crowd and the Queen came out to hear thousands of innocent Chicagoans shouting the offensive term. The party always contended that she cut her trip short after that incident.

Soon the party was in the midst of factional fights and Ben Mandel was active as a partisan for one side — the losing one, as it turned out. After his expulsion, he stayed with the followers of Jay Lovestone and Ben Gitlow. He was one of the first to leave this group which ultimately fell apart and produced numbers of militant anti-Commie activists.

BACK in the New York school system as a substitute and evening-school teacher, Ben Mandel continued teaching until 1939. Then Dr. J. B. Matthews, who had taken

on the job of steering the House Committee on Un-American Activities, requested him to come to Washington as an assistant. The pay was less than he was earning in the schools but the opportunity for action was greater, and Mandel moved to the Capital.

Students of history will learn that sometime after 1940 the number of Congressmen making speeches exposing and denouncing the Communists and the Soviets increased considerably. Mandel had discovered that the legislators were grateful to have someone prepare speeches for them, especially those who could give them reliable speeches that would occasionally make headlines. Reporters had found that Mandel often knew when a good story might be hidden in some upcoming speech. Most reporters assigned to the committee soon became friendly with Mandel. But not all.

One day a reporter from the New York *Post* came in and asked permission to use the bound volumes of the *Daily Worker* the committee had on loan from the Library of Congress. Mandel went out of his way to get them and even helped find specific items desired. He was always on the lookout to make friends for the committee and extra service was one way. The reporter thanked him and left. Several days later, Mandel saw a story in the *Post* by the reporter, James Wechsler, attacking the committee for having the volumes in its possession, so that students at the

Library who wanted them couldn't see them.

It was while he was with the committee that he built up a constantly expanding group of friends from other agencies of the Government. With them he worked out a plan that forced off the federal payroll some of the first Commies ousted as such. When applicants for Army or Navy commissions were found to have Commie records in the committee's fast-growing files and were holding government jobs — a common situation — Mandel would pass the word to his Civil Service friends. He served as a liaison between a number of government agencies which had no official contact with one another, and through him many Commies were not only rejected for commissions but were booted from Civil Service jobs. Indeed, he became a sort of ready reference source for numerous agencies and newspaper reporters who wanted the details on Communist policy, figures, history, and fronts. What he didn't recall offhand he had easily available in his personal library, which probably was bigger than that of any government agency. Trade unionists, while officially passing resolutions opposing the committee, came to Mandel secretly to gather data on their Commie opponents. As in all cases, he had just one criterion — Are they fighting the Communists? If so, he was on hand to help.

At the end of 1944 it appeared the committee would be disbanded. Both

Mandel and Matthews left, but while Matthews went to New York to open a private research service, Mandel, who had been cleared by Civil Service, went to the State Department security branch.

THE State staff wanted no opponents of Russian Communism active in the days 1944 to 1946, and soon Mandel was boxed off in an attic room with no assignments but with pay coming in regularly. He would have quit but for the chance he had to do research projects he had set for himself and never had time for in the past. Quickly, he put together a compilation called *The Communist Party as the Agent of a Foreign Power*, which was passed around the department as a secret document. Later it was issued by the House Committee. Other like projects kept him busy during the couple of years he was there, and then he went back to the committee as research director. "One thing you'll have to cut out in State," he had been told on going there: "We can't have you writing speeches for Congressmen." Mandel nodded. "Did you stop?" he was later asked by friends. He chuckled. "My boss was writing them too in a short time," he said. He had shrugged off the attic office. "It was very high level," he said in his best protocol manner.

He returned to the committee during its most productive period. All the ground work done previously was now on hand and the committee

could go after the Hollywood Ten, Gerhardt and Hans Eisler, and finally the spies named by Elizabeth Bentley and Whittaker Chambers. For years, Mandel had been seeing Chambers and getting such details as the *Time* magazine editor could remember or cared to tell. Now, when the committee was confronted by the denial of Alger Hiss, Mandel more than any other person with the committee was the most certain that Chambers was truthful and Hiss was the liar. It was Mandel who asked Chambers the details of his personal recollections of the Hiss household that made the Congressmen realize Chambers must really know this man who denied ever having seen him. Most appreciative of Mandel was one Congressman most deeply concerned with the problem of Communism, Richard Nixon.

For years Mandel had been furnishing data to Robert Morris, and when the McCarran Internal Security Subcommittee was set up, Morris at once asked Mandel if he would care to join it.

Mandel hesitated. He had built up the huge names file at the House committee and he hated to leave it. But a new committee would need his knowledge and perhaps it would be able to hit harder than one a dozen years old. He became research director of the Senate committee and has been at least as happy as ever. One thing the new committee did was to put Mandel in the lime-light. He was called upon in the

widely publicized Owen Lattimore and Institute of Pacific Relations hearings to identify and read into the record the thousands of documents that committee counsel Morris wanted. This same practice was followed in the later hearing into the United Nations and the nation's school systems. Mandel would gather together the documentary evidence and read it into the record. That work is still going on. It has not stopped Mandel from his other activities of keeping suggestions going to all good Red-baiters. It has merely given him new aspects of the problem to work on.

For years, Mandel's many friends have had only one fault to find with him. He is up too early, and once up, is anxious to pass along ideas and data that may be of use. Gradually, they have eased him off until he now will wait till maybe 8:15 A.M. of a Sunday morning before he starts calling, and that is late enough for anyone, he declares.

To his friends, Ben Mandel has always seemed wedded to fighting Commies; so it was with something of a shock that they learned he was getting married, some months back. But it was all right. His wife, Maggie Rees Mandel, was a solid anti-Communist he had met at the home of J. B. Matthews. In fact, she has increased his efficiency by indexing his library. All in all, the future looks even better for Mandel and his friends and bleaker for his enemies . . . his and the free world's, that is.

APPLIED PSYCHOLOGY

By GURO BJORNSON

In the horse and buggy days there had been for many years the same two doctors in a small Wisconsin town. But one day a very young, handsome doctor stepped off the Chicago train. He took the waiting Traveler's Hotel cab and went directly to a room reserved for him.

A few days later a fresh shingle hung from a second story window over Main Street.

The young doctor subscribed for the weekly local newspaper. He stayed in his office and was seen mainly when going to the post office or eating at the hotel. His movements were brisk and timed with the town clock. Especially the women of the town learned to know his habits and became unusually interested in the mail trains and the apple pie and coffee at the Traveler's Hotel.

On Wednesday and Saturday the farmers came to town to trade eggs for coffee, and when their shopping was over and before returning to their homes, they always gathered awhile on the sidewalks to exchange news and pass the time of day with their neighbors.

It was at one of these times that they first became aware of the new doctor dashing along Main Street —

at top speed — with the fastest team of horses owned by the Jones Livery Stable.

"Who is that?" the farmers asked. "The new doctor," some one answered. Then, "Some urgent call, no doubt. Maybe Mrs. Johnson. She is expecting any day now. He doesn't waste time getting there." Someone added, "He is fresh out of school, I hear. He knows new ways." And the younger women said quietly to one another, "He is good looking, too."

But what they didn't know was that the doctor drove into the country — yes — Wednesdays and Saturdays in different directions. Then he would rest his horses, not too far from some farmer's gate, but he always came back to town in time for office hours. He walked rapidly, carrying his new satchel with an air of success.

Some years later he moved away into a nearby city to open a well-equipped, fine office and to "specialize."

He left behind him, no doubt, some broken hearts, but he took with him about twenty thousand dollars of capably-earned and well-deserved cash.

It paid to advertise.

QUIZ KID *Extraordinary*

BY ED QUARRINGTON

OF ALL the prodigies who have appeared throughout all history to astound and confound their fellow humans of normal abilities, none was more amazing — nor more quickly forgotten — than Zerah Coburn, a Vermont farm lad of the early nineteenth century.

Mathematics was the special gift of Zerah. Somewhere in the web of nerve centers and convolutions within his brain was lodged a human calculating machine that spewed forth through his lips the answers to the most difficult problems. To Zerah, finding the cube root of 268,336,125 (which is 645) was as easy as raising eight to the 16th power (281,474,976,710,656). Entirely in his head he could solve problems with totals in the trillions and quadrillions.

More amazing, Zerah first exhibited his mental skill at the age of six and reached the peak of his mathematical ability while still in his teens. Before he could write his name he could multiply numbers giving 17-digit answers, raise double numbers to the eighth power and do various combinations of mathematical processes — all within a matter of seconds and with no external aid.



Long since forgotten, Zerah created a sensation in public halls, salons, and universities of the United States, England, Scotland, Ireland, and France, between 1810 and 1824. Curiosity seekers flocked to his exhibitions; he became a favorite of royalty; scientists and scholars examined the lad with the interest their modern-day counterparts reserve for electronic calculators at today's universities.

As a ten-year-old, Zerah tossed off mental feats such as this: He multiplied 37,037 by itself, and that answer twice by 27, giving a product of 999,998,000,001. Then he multiplied that total twice by 49 and again by 25, giving the astronomical figure of 60,024,879,950,060,025. It took him 15 seconds to compute.

Demonstrating his skill at London's Covent Garden, Zerah was asked how many seconds there are in eleven years. He rattled off the answer, 346,896,000 in four seconds.

Despite his genius — of which he once said, "God was its author, its aim and purpose unknown" — he failed to achieve lasting fame or happiness. While still a young man he returned to his Vermont hills broken in health, his mind sapped

by countless exhibitions, and victim of depressing personal tragedies.

THE SON of Luther Coburn, a farmer at Cabot, Vermont, Zerah was born in 1804. His background gave no hint of precocity and his parents considered him the most backward of their six children.

It was not until he was six years old that anyone noted the boy's skill at numbers. His father one day found the child mumbling a multiplication table to himself as he played at the elder Coburn's workbench. Zerah had attended school for just six weeks at the time.

Teasingly, the father asked, "How much is 13 times 97?" Zerah instantly responded, "One thousand, two hundred and sixty-one."

The surprised parent told neighbors of his son's feat; they spread word to nearby communities. Friends raised money to send father and son to Boston. After a demonstration before Harvard scholars, the boy was offered an educational fund by Boston businessmen. But Luther refused the proposition because the child would be taken from his care.

The decision doomed Zerah to a life as an intelligent freak. Luther showed off his son in exhibitions from Boston to Richmond, Virginia, and finally — England.

THE CHILD calculator was an instant success in London. At one public exhibition he was asked the factors of 171,395. Zerah gave the

following combinations almost immediately: 5 times 34,279; 7 times 24,485; 59 times 2,905; 83 times 2,065; 35 times 4,897; 295 times 581; 413 times 415.

Attendants writing down the answers pleaded with the boy to slow down so they could copy his figures. Members of the audience thought the child was clairvoyant, and they asked questions of the future. One skeptic, refusing to believe Zerah was computing the answers without aid, rushed to the stage and carried the lad to the street. Zerah continued to spout the right solutions.

For ten years Zerah continued to give exhibitions before the public and before scientists and educators in the British Isles and the Continent. But as he grew older his faculties became duller and interest in the youth lagged.

In 1824 Luther Coburn died, in London. Crushed by his death, the son returned to Vermont, never to give another public demonstration. Zerah opened a school, which failed. Then he turned to the ministry. He was not a success in this endeavor, either, and after a few desultory years he died at the age of 36.

Zerah took to his grave the full secret of his mental powers. Although constantly quizzed about how he solved particular types of problems, he never was able to give complete answers on the workings of his mind. Usually he was forced to admit, "God put the ability into my head. I can't put it in yours."

With the

By

PAUL NOHREN

FOREIGN LEGION *in* INDO-CHINA

LOUIS R. had a toothache. He went to the dentist. The path led through a narrow point of jungle, not more than three hundred meters wide, but a dank, noisome, overgrown sort of place, shut in by foliage and swampy underfoot. By nightfall he had not returned, so I set out to look for him.

I found him, all twenty-seven pieces. They were strewn along the path.

His father, back home in France, was a Communist. He isn't any more.

This is war in Indo-China—a bitter, savage, ruthless, implacable war. On one side, Oriental fanaticism coupled to barbaric cruelty and deepest hatred and, on the other, a modern army of hard-bitten men, trained to be tough, trained to be heartless; a war fought out against a nightmare background of teeming jungle, where Nature herself is as much of an enemy as the cunning, swift-striking Vietminhs.

France has been pouring troops and arms into this cruel, uneven, hopeless contest for several years now. The Foreign Legion, together with the Moroccan troops and French paratroopers, has borne the brunt of the fighting. For, contrary to Hollywood's romantic presentations of the Legion, it is among the front rank of France's crack troops. My own outfit, the *13e Demi-Brigade*, formed in London in 1940 by General de Gaulle, saw action throughout the whole of World War II—first at Narvik, then in Italy and in southern France. It sailed for Saigon in 1946, and since then has been prominent wherever the fighting has been heaviest in Indo-China.

This war is a lot different from the colorful desert fighting the Foreign Legion used to do in the movies. The days of *Beau Geste* are gone—if they ever really existed. Also gone are the days when a man was accepted by the Foreign Legion

without any identification papers, and with no questions asked. Now a man must be properly documented. Today, the *légionnaire* is no longer a mysterious fugitive from the-Lord-only-knows-what. He is respected as a man, as a soldier, and as a member of the magnificent fighting unit that the Legion is known to be. The present-day *légionnaire* wears his uniform proudly and brings to the Legion a fierce loyalty, whatever his original nationality and place in life.

This kind of loyalty is vital in the Indo-China struggle. It is not an open war fought in wide plains against distant targets. It is a stealthy, creeping, knife-in-the-back play against an almost invisible adversary. It is often impossible to tell friend from foe. Indeed, foes change to friends and back again from night to night, according to the biggest rice handout. The people work in the fields and plantations by day, and at night they work for Ho Chi Minh — and the Vietminhs — sabotage, mine-laying, ambushes.

Prominent French plantation owners and industrialists are seized from their homes and held as hostages. The French retaliate by arresting Indo-Chinese men and women known to be sympathetic to Ho Chi Minh and his cause. But *légionnaires* are worth more to the enemy dead than alive. Ho Chi Minh was offering 1000 piastres for the head of any white soldier, when I was in Indo-China. Many heads

fell. There were hideous sights along the jungle trails. It takes a strong man to sleep at night, after he has come upon the decapitated body of one of his comrades on the trail.

Patrols at night were devilish, nerve-racking affairs; the twisting, narrow, almost invisible tracks through the undergrowth; the pulsating darkness, full of sound; the ever-present possibility of a silent knife between the shoulder blades; the irritating flickering of a million fireflies in front, behind, above, and around the head; bats — great hairy fellows as large as a small dog; and the mummies — luminous and intensely smelly cadavers of long-deceased parents hung by the jungle people in their doorways to ward off evil spirits.

THERE were large-scale military operations from time to time. These were carried out by the regular forces and the Legion in co-operation with the Air Force. Designed to wipe out this or that pocket of Vietminh resistance, they were more or less routine affairs — if any operation could be called routine that is fought out in a green-lit hell of twisted and entwined trees. Such operations were mostly inconclusive. Prisoners were taken and handed over to our unit, and though persuasion was used, they seldom revealed any enemy secrets. Men and women alike, they maintained a stubborn silence, though the methods employed were not pretty.

I remember the affair at Kuchi, a post some thirty kilometers from Hoc Mun, garrisoned by a *sous-lieutenant chef* with twenty-six men under him. A truck left Hoc Mun daily with supplies. On this occasion, the truck left as usual early in the morning with two men aboard, but by evening it had not returned. Radio contact with Kuchi was essayed, but there was no reply. Accordingly, under the colonel's orders, a section left for Kuchi the following morning to investigate.

As we approached the clearing around the post, we became aware of a deep silence. The truck of yesterday stood before the gate, burned out and lifeless. The Red flag, with the five-pointed star of Ho Chi Minh, hung limply from the flagstaff. Inside were the garrison, a lieutenant and twenty-six men. They were pinned to the walls, heads to the ground. Each man had been scalped. Stuck to the desk with a knife was a note: "*Action de l'armée régulière de Ho Chi Minh.*"

DEEP in the jungle, in the densest terrain, it was common to come upon ancient pagodas, some derelict but many still tended. It was in one of these jungle pagodas that a horrible exchange was enacted on the sacrificial altar. It was during the rainy season, in 1947. Our colonel received a message from Ho Chi Minh, proposing the exchange of five French officers, held prisoner by him, for five officers of his Chito

army. The rendezvous point, so the message ran, was to be a small clearing some eighteen kilometers north of Pen Go. Meticulous directions were given for locating it and a footnote added that, should the prisoners be accompanied by armed men, the five French officers would be killed.

It was the darkest, densest kind of jungle. Only the faintest glimpse of moonlight could be seen through the trees. After hours of difficult travel through the jungle, we finally reached the appointed clearing. In the middle stood a temple, a great stone Buddha, old and crumbling. There was no sound, no light, no movement at all. After a breathless wait of five minutes, a shadow emerged from the surrounding trees, and behind it more and more shadows, until our small section was surrounded. "Where are the prisoners?" asked the spokesman. The colonel would deliver the prisoners only when he had received his own officers, the sergeant explained. There was a moment's silence. "Tell your colonel to have the prisoners here tomorrow night without fail at the same time." The ring closed in, but with a space left for us to leave. We were not sorry to go.

The following night we left again, this time with the five Vietminh prisoners and a section of twenty-eight men. The clearing was surrounded and everyone waited. Finally, the sergeant, another man and I advanced on the pagoda. The usual, dreadful stench emerged from

the entrance. Inside, the walls were lined with old and decaying mummies. A huge Buddha reared itself in the middle, richly decorated, with long earrings and bulging lips smiling. There was the sickly green light of a dozen glowworms around the Buddha's head, a stone table, and an ancient altar. On the altar were ranged the heads of the five French officers. The bodies were nowhere to be found.

There was no sign of the Vietminhs. The patrol returned bearing the heads of its officers, but on the altar were five *other* heads.

THESE are just a few incidents, taken at random but all typical, seen by a soldier in the field in this little-known but very real and important theater of the world struggle against Communism. It is also an effort to correct in some small way the mass of misinformation that is poured out about the Foreign Legion — that much-maligned, hard-working, indomitable body of men with whom I had the honor to serve. Sneered at as mercenaries, caricatured in fiction, the Foreign Legion has, nevertheless, made a very real contribution to the great battle for freedom that is being fought out in different parts of the world today. The Foreign Legion is a regiment like all others. It has its traditions and honors; and it inspires a sentiment of loyalty amongst the men of as many as fifty different nationalities who have served within

its ranks. This loyalty often transcends all others. It holds Legion members together even when they are scattered to the four corners of the earth. So you have the old German, aged seventy-six and retired to his native village in Germany for many years, who left as his last will and testament the following:

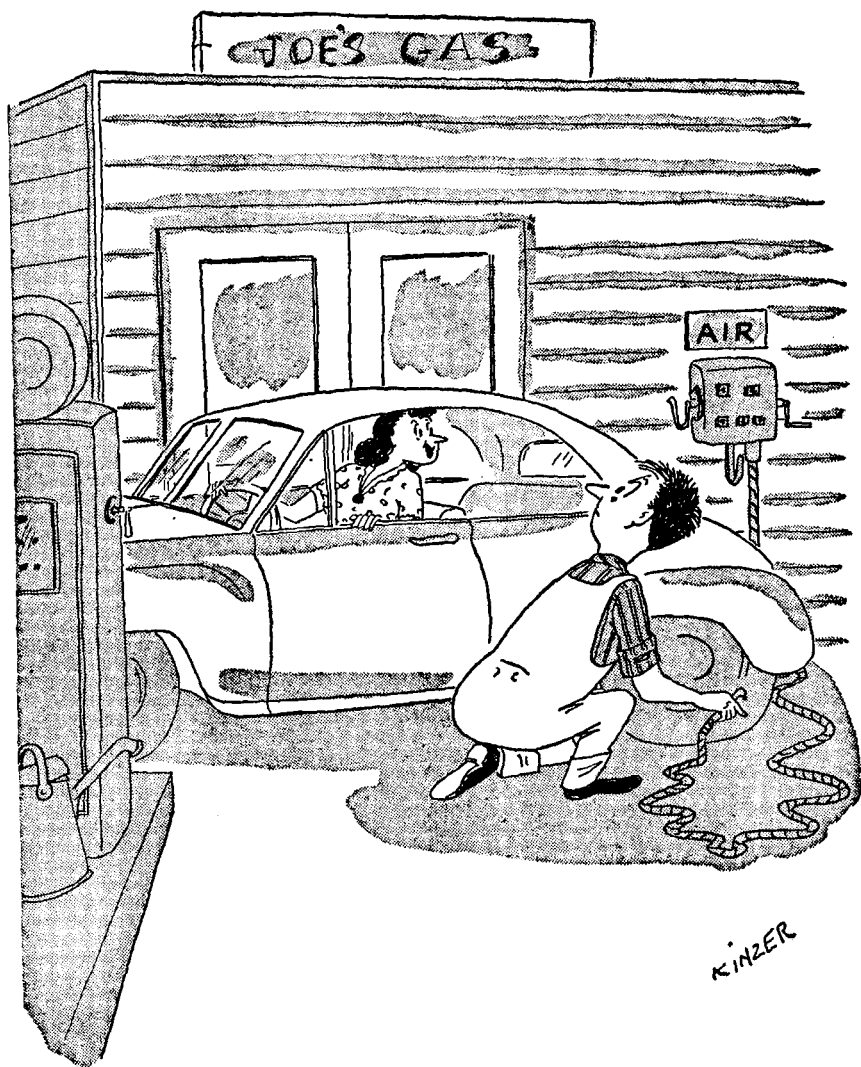
Before I die, I have a few words to address to my old "Government." It is my wish that I shall lie buried in the folds of the Tricolor, and be drawn to my burial place by a French military detachment. I bid my old Company Commander, officers, and comrades a hearty farewell.

— Georges Bohnert.

His wishes were scrupulously carried out. This old man, "*ancien légionnaire*," who gave twenty years of his life in service for France, was wrapped in a French Tricolor and duly conducted to his graveside by a detachment of French riflemen.

In the same way, an American *ex-légionnaire* living in Chicago directed that after his death his ashes should be transported to Sidi-Bel-Abbes, the old Legion base, there to rest with the remains of his old comrades. In the Hall of Remembrance, they lie today, sealed behind a plaque bearing his name:

WILLIAM HOLL
died in Chicago aged 57 years,
whose last wish was to lie
with the Legion



"It usually takes about six bells."

A Miracle

By LYNN CLIFFORD GOLBERG

“THEY say miracles don’t happen today, but right there on stage a modern-day miracle is happening to me.” The stage manager looked out at the vast stage of the Metropolitan Opera House, with an astonished yet smiling face.

He recalled how he had felt only an hour before. It had been near curtain time, and all around him the performers and stagehands were scurrying about. All were, that is, but the baritone, from whom not a word had been heard.

“Where is he? Why doesn’t he come?” the stage manager mumbled over and over. “What to do? Let the show begin and hope he’ll be here in time for his entrance?”

He finally concluded, “We must begin. On stage everyone.”

Not even the brilliant performance of the tenor could take the stage manager’s mind from the realization that if the baritone did not show up, the opera would have to be stopped.

Suddenly, as he waited apprehensively in the wings, a messenger brought the news he had feared: the baritone, perfectly healthy the day before, was too sick to sing.

He looked up to see the tenor strolling off stage, his part of the first act completed. “Don’t bother

changing your costume. We can’t go on, because the baritone is sick.”

For a moment there was no answer, as the singer collected his thoughts. Then he looked up and replied in a confident voice, “Don’t worry, my friend. You have your baritone.” And before the stage manager could press for an explanation, had disappeared.

Moments later, he reappeared — in the baritone’s costume!

“But what are you doing?” protested the stage manager. “You are a tenor, not a baritone.” There was no reply. Striding on stage, with his back almost completely to the audience, the tenor-turned-baritone sang the complete baritone part beautifully, so beautifully that the audience thundered its appreciation, completely ignorant of the secondary drama being performed before them.

Then, offstage he dashed, again to the dressing room, back into the tenor’s costume, and onstage to resume the role of the tenor.

Watching him on that stage, the manager was just too amazed to say anything more than, “It’s a miracle.” Yes, it was a miracle. But in future years, the world would grow to associate even more miracles with the greatest tenor of them all, Enrico Caruso.

PABLO CASALS, the great Catalan cellist who led the Prades and Perpignan Festivals, described them as a "joining together of so many hearts." The Festivals were considerably more than that, for they brought together some of the world's greatest musicians in an outpouring of the uttered and devised note. Fortunately, Columbia recorded all the historic performances and has been issuing them a few albums at a time.

This month, for example, Bach's joyous *Cantata No. 189: Meine Seele Rumpft und Preist*, superbly sung by the tenor Aksel Schiøtz, appears in a coupling with Beethoven's song cycle, *An Die Ferne Geliebte*, which somehow escapes the studious melancholy of German lieder. The Bach cantata is a little gem — one voice against a deceptively simple background of flute, oboe, violin, cello, and harpsichord, whose infinite variety is internal and very rewarding (ML 4641).

Another Perpignan Festival recording brings Casals himself, and the pianist Rudolf Serkin, in Beethoven's *Twelve Variations in G Major on a Theme From Handel's Judas Macabaeus* — again first-

rate performances by first-rate musicians. On the reverse side, Jennie Tourel sings Bach and Mozart arias in a quiet, unpostured style. It is a little late in the day to remark on the restrained beauties of the Casals

cello, or the classic insight of his attack. But it is here in the Beethoven *Variations*, as it is in virtually all of his playing (ML 4640).

Those people who plague us with questions such as "If Booth had missed . . .?" can turn their attention to a more contemporary problem. If Prokofiev had shaken loose from the police-state in which he composed — a state in which Stalin's peasant taste dictated the form and content of all art — what then? His *Symphony No. 7*, finished not long before he died in 1953, bears the mark of genius — and its full qualities are brought out in an incisive, sympathetic, and full-throated performance on a Columbia record by Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra. But the melodic patterns of the piece are truncated by an outwardly imposed set of musical criteria. As a result, the Prokofiev who might have been a modern Berlioz never rises above ordinary depiction.



The symphony could almost be the score for a Russian film (ML 4683).

THE HAPPY practice of issuing on one record the complete (or almost complete) score of a musical comedy continues — obviously because the venture is profitable. (Capitol has even declared a dividend by putting *Roberta* and *The Desert Song* on opposite sides of a single record in a pleasant rendition by Gordon Macrae and Lucille Norman — p 384.) Sometimes, as in the case of the Rodgers and Hammerstein *Me and Juliet*, the recorded version is something of an improvement over the actual play. As a Broadway production, “Juliet” got lukewarm to sour notices. But the music was everywhere admired, for it is Richard Rodgers in excellent form. Hammerstein’s lyrics lack the very special irreverent and sentimental wit of the late Larry Hart’s. But Rodgers is an unflagging melodist, and the “Juliet” score, as set out by RCA Victor, attaches itself more tightly to the heart with each playing (LOC 1012).

In translating the Robin-Styne *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* from stage to film, Twentieth Century-Fox added two gently lilting tunes by Hoagy Carmichel and Harold Adamson. One of them, “When Love Goes Wrong,” should be the hit of the movie. On the MGM disc, taken from the sound track of the film, Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe are the singers. *La Russell* is ade-

quate. But the surprise is Marilyn Monroe, who is not only sex on wheels but, when hugging a microphone, something to hear. Her delivery, somewhat furry around the edges, has a quality not heard since Jeanne Burns, a now-forgotten night club singer, wandered to the Victor studios with Wingy Mannone and Adrian Rollini. Marilyn Monroe’s singing has a perceptive slyness, an insinuation that love and sex are not the deadly serious business most pop singers make them out to be. Her “Bye Bye Baby” is fine.



A special word: Carlos Montoya, a Spanish gypsy guitarist, and Lydia Ibarrondo, a Spanish concert singer, have brought their talents together in one of the exciting records of the season: *Flamenco*. There is little of the show gypsy in Montoya’s playing, or what he plays. The folk quality of Spain, as heightened by a gypsy strain, comes through clearly — and there is an interlude of the *cante hondo*, the “deep song” which is Spain’s glory. And though Senorita Ibarrondo is no *gitana*, the culture of her voice does not mar — in fact gives a sweet edge to — the songs she sings. “Las Cositas de querer” she does with style and understanding. Here is a wonderful record (Remington, R 199-134). R. DET.



In Defense of DIVORCE

ANONYMOUS

I HAVE been divorced for twenty years and I've loved every minute of it. Sounds as if I married an ogre, doesn't it? Well, I didn't, and our break-up wasn't all his fault. I used to apportion the blame at 75 per cent for him and 25 per cent for me. I've changed that a bit as time has gone by. Now I'd say it was more like 60 to 40, and if I live long enough, it may end up as 50-50.

We were just too different. I was not used to violence. I had been brought up in a gentle sort of home where if anyone lost his temper, he had to apologize before the sun went down. In my husband's home a good gust of anger, known as "righteous indignation," was supposed to clear the atmosphere like a summer thunderstorm.

This quite intrigued me at first. I knew about it before I got married. There was the time we were out driving and I asked how fast we were going. The third time I asked — I don't know why, maybe I was just calculating how soon we

would get where we were going — he picked up a monkey wrench and bashed in the speedometer. I thought that was rather interesting at the time — it was so different from anything I had met up with before. And to tell the truth, I was probably flattered to think I could do or say something that would so powerfully affect someone whose background and attainments were enough to go to a girl's head. Don't tell me I should have known better than to marry such a man. I was in love with him and you don't have too much sense when you are in love.

This sort of thing kept on amusing me for a long time after we were married. Now, looking back, I can still see that many of our disagreements actually did have their humorous side. But not in their eventual effect on me or on our marriage, and I do not mean to speak lightly of anything which could have so tragic a result.

At the time it was all happening,

I passed slowly through the stage of being amused and arrived by degrees at the point where it all seemed bleak and unbearable. For instance, I didn't mind what happened after I used my husband's straight razor to sharpen a pencil — a man's razor is rather sacred, I must admit — but it really gave me pause, the time I got thrown out of the house when moths got into his favorite hunting jacket. I actually set out to walk or hitch-hike back East to my old home. But it was raining, I had no coat, I got hungry and ate some green plums that gave me a stomach-ache. So I went back. Besides, the children were there and I couldn't just walk out on them.

Even worse than these violent explosions was the constant nagging. There were times when the children had colds or measles or maybe the meat was tough or I had forgotten to wind the clock or the laundry didn't come back on time, or the plumbing backed up — it was the plumbing that made him telegraph me some months after I left him, saying, COME HOME AT ONCE PLUMBING GONE BAD ROOTS IN PIPES.

Another thing that troubled me was the uncertainty about how he was going to take some small disaster. I might worry all day because the grocer didn't have any swordfish when he had set his heart on having it, and he would come home and just say, "Oh well, never mind," and then something I'd never given

a thought to would bring the very heavens down on my head. It is true I was never bored, but one cannot live on just the absence of boredom.

IT WAS about this time that I went to consult a family-expert man who had written a lot of books about the family and was generally supposed to know all the answers. I told him my tale.

He said, "If your husband were telling it, I would have an entirely different story."

I said, "Yes, probably."

"Would he come and talk it over with me?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I asked him and he said why in the world should he do such a stupid thing as that when he was already a perfect husband."

So then he said, this family expert, "Well, next time he has one of his tantrums, why not just move into the guest room for a while?"

Later on I tried that, but I wasn't too good at holding out. This is no Kinsey report, but I will go so far as to say I just figured it didn't make sense to give up a known good for a highly doubtful improvement.

The family man had another idea he gave me. He said, "Just wait till you are entertaining your husband's boss or somebody whose good opinion he values. Then when he doesn't like the dessert and starts kicking you under the table, just yell at the

top of your lungs, 'You stop kicking me under the table! Stop it. Now! That will cure him.'

I said, "Did it ever cure anybody else for you?"

He said, "Yes, dozens."

It didn't work for me. I would open my mouth to let the yell come out but the yell wouldn't come. I'd end up just putting a spoonful of dessert in my mouth and pretending the cat had got in, if anybody noticed a commotion under the table. It was the penalty of having been brought up to act like a lady, I suppose.

Things didn't get really bad till I forgot my upbringing enough to lose my temper. For years I was as calm and unruffled as a cow.

Eventually, though naturally tranquil of disposition, I began to be affected physically, twitching, like a horse with flies. I thought it all out quite calmly. I saw that one of the reasons for my desperation was the way the children were being affected by the bickering and the quarrels from which they could no longer be shielded, now that my temper was frayed to pieces. The oldest boy was becoming rebellious and belligerent; the oldest girl was withdrawing into herself, shy, frightened, introverted; the next child had tantrums; and the younger ones cried far more than they should have. I had been aware of all this for a long time, in a helpless, hopeless sort of way, but now it was all brought sharply into focus.

LOOKING back after twenty years, I have no regrets over the choice I made that day. It is true that each child has been a problem, each one bears some scars from having been brought up in a broken home, but they are all handsome, intelligent, and well-adjusted in spite of everything. They have never blamed me for leaving their father and yet when they go to visit him, they get along quite well with him. Maybe this tells something rather bad about me — that they can live with him, at least briefly, in a harmonious way. I don't know. It is hard to see one's self. I only know that if I had been a different woman, or could have become different, I might have managed.

It is a pity that I couldn't. We had a nice set-up in every way — many tastes in common and essentially a high regard for each other. The fault was in ourselves. I won't shoulder it all. We even had money enough and never had to carry insurance or save up for old age because my husband had four maiden aunts who had no one else to leave their money to. Yet money was one of the things we quarreled about. I was used to economizing and never talking about it. My husband talked about it all the time and kept two cars in the garage when only one of us drove. We had a wonderful house, domestic help when needed, and innumerable friends. There wasn't any other man I was in love with

and he didn't run after other women. I used to think life would be simpler if there was something like that going on. A man can get away with murder if he is just kind and considerate. That's what makes a woman stick by a man who is a thief or a gambler, stupid, lazy, or promiscuous as an alley cat. None of that makes much difference if he is decent and thoughtful around the house and makes a woman feel she really amounts to something.

But I missed out on all that. So, after ten years and five children, I gathered my courage together and quit. With no money (my husband was furious over my leaving him and said he'd never send me a cent), I went back East and got a job in an office. I had been a competent secretary before I married. An uncle and aunt took us in.

Those years when the children were small had their difficulties. But when I got down-hearted and discouraged over the struggle, I had only to remind myself of what I had left, and at once my spirits rose. This was so much easier than being married. How wonderful it seemed to be able to take disaster straight, without being held responsible for it. If I was responsible, I could just silently blame myself, no fuss about it, no tongues wagging. It was our tongues that did the damage between my husband and me — once we fell out and didn't speak for a week and I still remember it as a heavenly week.

Now, it is harder to make a happy divorce than to make a happy marriage. One has to do it all alone. Children or no children — for in time they grow up and go off into their own lives — there is the awful loneliness of it. Nobody to go places with, nobody to come home to, nobody to sit around and hash things over with, nobody just to be in the same room with, reading or sewing, nobody standing with you for good or bad against the world. One feels defenseless, exposed. It is true we all have to die alone and much of life is gathering the fortitude to do it, but living alone isn't natural. It's tough and there's no sense in denying it.

Look at my life as it is, now that the children are grown and scattered. While I am in the office, it is all right. I am meeting and working with interesting people — I don't have time to think. But I get on the bus to come home at five o'clock and I look around at men and women. I think, they all are going home to somebody. Of course I know I am not the only solitary human in the world, but the point is that I feel like it. When I see a man and a woman walking companionably down the street, at dusk, perhaps, with packages under their arms; when I see two ducks winging their way together across the sky, or even a couple of crows, if they aren't cawing at each other, I get an empty ache inside of me. I come

home, turn the key in the lock, open the door. How silent it is, how hollow and empty, how bleak a welcome from even this small comfortable place which I know I am lucky to have. Quick, turn up the heat, turn on the radio, get the kettle boiling, make a noise, a stir of some sort, find something to do. That's the secret, of course, to keep busy.

I have friends and they invite me, or I have them in. They phone — We have an extra ticket, won't you come? Extra, extra, I don't like being the extra one! Of course, now and then there is an extra man and I get invited to a dinner party. It is usually a man whose wife is away on a visit. I don't feel for a minute that I really belong with him. I am just filling in for the evening.

Then there are the hen parties. Lord, how I hate them. But I go just the same, just to be going, even if it's like going into a room with the heat off and the lights all out. Frankly, I'd rather talk with a stupid man — well, moderately stupid, anyway — than a bright woman. Maybe this is disloyalty to my sex, maybe it shows something wrong with me, but I don't really believe that. I grew up in a family of boys, I went to a co-educational college, my married life brought me into contact with all sorts of professional men and the truth is, I like men.

Some women come right out and talk about all this. It sounds indecent. I have writhed a bit under it, hearing them. Myself, I can't do it.

When people ask if I am not lonely, I turn the question off, or I say, "It's awfully nice to be able to read as late as I please and not have the light bothering anyone. If I'm cold, I have the electric pad that I can turn off or on as I take the notion. If I wake at two and want to turn the radio on full tilt and listen to hill-billy music, there's no classical ear to be outraged by it. If I want to take a trip, I take it. No fuss, no bother. If I like garlic in my meat loaf, there's no one to complain of how I reek." Or if they persist, I tell them how many things I enjoy doing alone — painting the kitchen, reading, sewing, going to the theater, traveling. I tell them I like to put a thing down and come back and find it right there. Maybe I fool them. I don't know. And there is some truth in everything I tell them.

After all, I am naturally inclined to be cheerful and contented. I am lucky that I have work I enjoy. I have a place of my own where I can putter around by the hour — a house is a lifesaver, there are so many things one can do to it. And if I ever get really down-hearted about my life, I just think back twenty years. That cures me. I see that the black side of things is just the price I have to pay for peace and freedom. They are worth it.

ONE QUESTION the lone divorced woman is always being asked — Why don't you marry again? With me, so many years have now gone

by, the question is put another way — Why didn't you every remarry? I don't think it's just a case of the burnt child. For years there wasn't a moment when I wouldn't have snapped up any decent, easy-going, kindly sort of man who didn't expect me to be perfect, especially if he was good at odd jobs around the house, like putting up storm windows, mending the toaster, and turning off the outside water faucets when winter comes. He wouldn't even have had to be very bright or successful — I'd had enough of that sort — just a good companion, somebody to go places with, somebody just to be there. But such men seemed to be rather scarce. Or maybe I didn't go enough out of my way to meet them.

Another thing people are always asking, "Aren't you, a woman alone in the world, troubled by the sort of — er — objectionable advances some men make?" Troubled? What nonsense! A man never advances further than a woman wants him to, and what could be more reassuring to her than to know that somebody finds her still attractive? As for taking up these propositions, that's another matter. They are expensive, emotionally. One has to count the cost and be willing to pay.

People say to me sometimes, "You must still be in love with your husband." This rather startles me, as I was startled when one man I turned down, said, "I'll come back when you have been really divorced

from your husband, not just legally divorced." He came back more than once, but I could never convince him that I was free. Maybe I am not; I don't know. It would be an odd sort of love that could thrive on distance and long silences. I know we can still upset each other horribly. That is, if he drops by to see me when he comes East on business, we have a lovely visit talking about old friends and his work. Then just as he is leaving, maybe, he brings up something out of the past and we are at each other's throats in a minute. So I'm delighted when he has gone and he probably feels the same way. That couldn't be love, could it? Yet marriage is a trickily deep relationship, not one to be tossed off lightly — those years together, children — something persists in spite of everything.

Certainly I don't regret my marriage — I still think it is better to be married unhappily than not at all. I don't believe in missing out on anything; life is too short. On the other hand I can honestly say I have loved these years of being not-married. The simple truth of the matter is that I just love living. Good or bad, I'll take it. Even in these days when everybody says civilization is going to pot and we're liable to get blown up any day now — well, even so, I'm all in favor of life and I don't think I did anything but a kindness for my children in giving them a chance at it. That's all anybody has.

A TRUE STORY OF ADVENTURE IN ARABIA
JUST AFTER WORLD WAR I



The Fadli Sultan

By J. H. W. KERSTON

I MET Abdul Qadir, the Fadli Sultan, for the first time when I visited Shukra in order to arrange for a landing field for the British Army. It was a very grand visit, as I accompanied no less a person than the First Assistant Resident of Aden, and we were carried to Shukra by the Aden station ship, one of the Royal Indian Marine, as it was called in those days. On the voyage, the First Assistant Resident (hereafter called the F.A.R.) told us something of the Sultan's affairs.

The Aden hinterland was composed of small, independent native states or tribal areas, ruled by sultans. The Fadli tribe of Abdul Qadir, like most of the tribes of the Aden hinterland before the days of air control, had seen few white men and knew little of their ways. Most of these sultans received small monthly stipends from the British of about four or five hundred rupees, and as the rest of their possessions were in kind, the stipend was usually the only money they had. The sultans were expected to main-

tain order within their boundaries, and if they refused or failed to do what was required of them, their stipends were liable to be cut off.

It appeared that the Fadli Sultan was in disgrace, being held responsible for the theft of a consignment of rifle ammunition destined for an up-country sultan. A gang of Fadli bandits had attacked the convoy and made off with the ammunition, giving us some trouble in restoring it to its rightful owner. We had held Abdul Qadir responsible and had punished him by writing him an admonitory letter and by cutting off his stipend until further notice.

The F.A.R., whose detailed knowledge of politics of the hinterland was famous, explained to me that the Fadli Sultan had great difficulty in keeping the more turbulent of his tribesmen in order. His town of Shukra was a fishing village, living almost entirely on the produce of the sea. He was really a poor man who could not afford to maintain an army or police force. He had, indeed, his household troops, consist-

ing of about 50 soldiers, mounted on camels, and a muzzle-loading cannon. But as an expeditionary force to deal with bandits, it was ineffectual.

The F.A.R. proposed to have a talk with the Sultan about his troubles, and to see if he could not assist him in the difficult task of keeping his tribe in order. He also intended to ask him to make a landing field at Shukra for us, and to hold out hopes of the restoration of his stipend if the work were done satisfactorily.

THE low-lying town of Shukra now came into sight, a collection of mud huts and low-walled compounds, with a few scattered palms and, dominating everything, the tall, castellated *dar* (palace) of the Sultan. On either side stretched the low, sandy shore, as far as the eye could reach, while behind the town, at some distance, the rocky foothills rose, ridge upon ridge, until they culminated, twenty miles away, in the massive bulk of Mount Aries, an extinct volcano 6,000 feet high. The sea was so shallow along the coast that a ship like ours could not approach within two miles of the beach. We dropped anchor about two and one-half miles from the shore, and proceeded to lower a boat.

While this was being done, we perceived a fishing canoe, paddled with tremendous vigor, approaching us from the town. It came alongside and was seen to contain three or four

Arabs, one obviously in command; two fat-tailed sheep, and about a dozen chickens. Much shouting went on between the canoe and the ship, and it appeared that the Arab in command was one of the Sultan's uncles, who had been charged with meeting us and delivering the sheep and chickens as a present.

But our own boat was waiting, and we embarked and commenced to row toward the shore.

There was a long, low swell running towards the land, and we could see the waves breaking in long lines of surf on the gradually shelving beach. When we got within twenty or thirty yards of the shore, the water was so shallow that we could go no further and we lay on our oars, rising and falling on the swell in a few feet of water. Now, half-naked men began to rush towards us through the surf, carrying two large wooden armchairs. They held the chairs for us, one man grasping each leg. Then these slaves began to jog towards the beach through the surf, chanting a kind of Volga boat-song. The motion of the chair was extremely unsteady, and it was necessary to hold on to the arms.

PRESENTLY we were carried up the beach, and the chairs were set down in the presence of Abdul Qadir, Sultan of the Fadli. We rose from our chairs and shook hands. Ranged behind the Sultan were his uncles, his only son (a boy of twelve), various relatives and the court offi-

cials. Behind them was the entire population of Shukra, dressed for a holiday, and many contingents of sightseers from up-country.

To my surprise, the Sultan led us to an ancient Ford, the mudguards of which had been corroded by rust until they looked like metallic lace. He proceeded to turn the starting crank; the engine coughed and ticked over, firing spasmodically, making the whole car twitch and shudder. The Sultan jumped into the driver's seat, the interpreter got in beside him, and we got into the back. There were, of course, no roads, and we bumped and bounced about, more often in the air than on the seat. The Sultan always drove in a straight line towards his objective, making detours only to avoid buildings. He was the only man in Shukra who could drive, and he also serviced and maintained the car himself, having no doubt gained his information by a process of trial and error. He was not a finished driver by American standards and his driving was both alarming and good for the liver. Pedestrians in Shukra had even fewer rights than in New York City, and they had not the consolation of knowing that the Sultan was insured against third-party risks. They fled before us just as chickens do in the country.

After a few minutes we reached the Sultan's *dar*. It was a five-story building of mud brick with small, narrow windows covered with hinged wooden shutters. The staircase was

built into the thickness of one of the walls, and as the shutters were all closed to keep out the heat, it was so dark after the glare outside that at first we could see almost nothing. I groped my way up the uneven stairs and came into a large, cool room with whitewashed walls. The floor was covered with blankets and rough, tribal rugs. At one end was a large, brass double bed, complete with mattress, covered with rugs and cushions. This was the Sultan's throne. There were some rough, wooden chairs, but the Sultan would not allow us to sit in them. The F.A.R., the Sultan, and I all sat solemnly on the bed — the throne, I should say.

I could hear a great many noises not far off, and it was clear there was a great bustle going on in the *dar*, no doubt caused by the preparation of a great meal. In filed the Sultan's male relatives and court officials and a few notables from the town. They seated themselves on the floor, and a laborious and ceremonious conversation (via the interpreter, as far as I was concerned) commenced. I could hear women whispering and giggling, and did not doubt that they were taking turns putting their eyes to some spy-hole in the wall.

As my eyes got used to the light, I was able to take a good look at the Sultan. He was tall for an Arab, and heavily built, though not yet corpulent, and seemed about thirty-five years of age, with a short, dark beard and quick, roving eyes. He was

dressed in a black *abba*, stitched with gold thread. He looked bold and intelligent, and in my subsequent dealings with him I did not find him to belie this estimate.

AFTER a very much shorter delay than is usual at these affairs, the meal was brought in, consisting of a huge, circular wicker tray about five feet in diameter, bearing a noble mound of rice three feet high, studded with pieces of chicken and mutton. On a separate dish were eggs, well fried on both sides, and pieces of fish. Flat, greasy cakes of unleavened bread completed the menu. The punctuality and quality of the meal reflected great credit on the Sultan's household arrangements. A negro slave brought us scented water in a brass bowl, into which we dipped our hands.

The Sultan had a most miscellaneous collection of battered knives, forks, and spoons, of which he was very proud, and we were, therefore, spared the difficulties of eating with our fingers, while the general company most politely refrained from staring at us as we ate. When we had finished, the Sultan fell to and, after him, the remainder of the company. Coffee, from a huge and very grimy coffee pot, was then poured out.

We were now ready for business. We mounted the car again and drove out to the site of the proposed landing field. This was near a curious building, a mile or so from the town, which I had noticed when recon-

noitering from the air. It consisted of a square plot of cultivated land of about half an acre, completely surrounded by a mud brick wall about ten feet in height, through which there was no door or visible means of entrance. In the center of the plot was a small mud brick house.

The F.A.R. asked the Sultan about it. The Sultan replied that he used it as a refuge when bored or puzzled by affairs of state. He would drive his Ford out to it, equipped with a ladder and several days' rations. He would stop the car close to the wall, put the ladder against it, climb up with his sack of food, pull up the ladder, and let it down on the inside of the wall. He would then spend several days in perfect seclusion, meditating on current problems, and free from the importunities both of his ministers and his wives. I afterwards found that he used this retreat quite often. It seemed most original and excellent for a man burdened with affairs of family and state.

OUR business dispatched, the Sultan drove us to a walled garden, full of vegetables. A negro slave, working in it, ran to him as we entered and kissed his hand. This quaint custom still exists in Shukra, and as the Sultan walks abroad, his subjects run to his side, grasping his right hand and raising it to their lips. The Sultan directed the slave to pull a great quantity of vegetables as a present for us. The F.A.R.

remonstrated with him, but nothing would stop him. More and more vegetables were pulled up and at last, the F.A.R., suspecting something, said: "Is this one of your gardens, Oh Abdul Qadir?" "No," replied the Sultan, "it belongs to the Mosque."

I suspect that the Sultan had long wanted an excuse to raid the Mullah's garden. The old battle between Church and State.

The car was loaded with the vegetables, and we started off for the beach. On arrival, we found that the Sultan's muzzle-loading cannon had been dragged down close to the water's edge, to give us an appropriate salute on our departure. The F.A.R., representing the Resident of Aden, was entitled to a salute of, I think, thirteen guns.

The vegetables were dispatched by slaves and put in the boat. We took leave of the Sultan and of his senior relatives and sat down in our chairs. As the slaves lifted them up, the Sultan raised his hand, and the first gun of our salute went off with a deafening bang right in our ears. I turned to look and saw that a camel, which had, no doubt, been used to assist in dragging the gun down to the beach, had been tethered by one forefoot close to the gun. As the gun fired, the camel, terrified, looped the loop around the tethered forefoot.

A camel is a sufficiently awkward and ungainly beast at the best of time, with its splay feet and long,

ill-turned legs; but this one, in action, was irresistibly comic. We began to laugh. *Bang* went the gun again, and the camel again did its stuff. We became helpless with laughter, as we were carried into the surf on our wobbling chairs. Abdul Qadir began to laugh, too, and had his chair placed on the beach where he could get a good view of both gun and camel. Then he signaled the gunners to proceed.

Every time the gun fired, the camel produced the most astounding contortions. It was rough on the camel, but it was richly funny. Abdul Qadir laughed till he cried; when the thirteen salutes had been fired he would not let the gunners stop. We left our chairs and embarked in the vegetable-laden boat. We waved to the Sultan, but he had no eyes for us. He was sitting in his chair, doubled up with laughter, and the tears running down his cheeks. The gunners went on firing. I did not count the salutes, but I am sure that we received more than would have been appropriate to the King-Emperor himself, cruising in these waters.

I do not know whether they ran out of powder, or whether the camel, through sheer exhaustion, gave in first; for a long time, as we rowed towards the ship, I remember hearing the bang of the gun, and the roars and cheers of the populace. Then the low shore faded in the evening light, the splash and click of the oars suddenly ceased, and I felt the ship's gangway rubbing alongside.

Are You Hiding Uncle Sam's Gold in Your Teeth?

By Howard M. Duffy

WHEN the United States Government recalled the gold coins in circulation nearly twenty years ago, approximately 300 million dollars in gold coins failed to appear. At the time of recall there was an estimated \$1,900,000,000 outstanding, but only \$1,600,000,000 was returned to the Treasury. The whereabouts of the remaining \$300,000,000 is still anyone's guess.

Treasury experts believe that a large number of persons are carrying the mysteriously missing gold about in their teeth! Prior to the rise in price of gold it was common practice for dentists to obtain gold for fillings from coins. The metal was easily adapted to dental work, and some seventeen million dollars' worth of gold per year used to go into patients' teeth in days gone by. How much of that gold was derived from coins is still open to speculation.

There is a possibility that a goodly quantity of our "lost" gold is in the coffers of foreign governments. However, since the United States has been hoarding gold in the Fort Knox vaults, it seems likely that we may have regained some of our gold from abroad in brick form.

Numismatists were allowed at the time of recall to keep a nominal number of gold coins. And occasionally, safe deposit boxes of deceased persons bring back a few gold coins, but the bulk of the three-hundred-million-dollar hoard is still unaccounted for.

Persons who held on to their gold, and then attempted to redeem it after the price went up, received a rude shock when Treasury officials paid only the old market rate for gold. At the time of recall the price of gold leaped from \$20.67 to \$35 an ounce. When the Government melted down the redeemed gold into bars, it credited itself at the new, increased rate. However, the alloys were removed from the gold during the melting process.

Some smart operators probably melted their own coins and sold their gold to the Government in bullion form. This would have given them the distinct advantage of receiving the increased rate for gold — a profit of \$14.33 per ounce.

Open wide, now, and let's see how much of Uncle Sam's shiny metal you have hidden in your molars.

One Story the Tabloids Couldn't Touch

By William R. Peer

WHEN Judge Francis L. Valente closed his courtroom to the press and public during the most sensational testimony of the Jelke vice trial last winter, the infuriated New York newspapers were unanimous in denouncing the judge's action as "absolutely unprecedented."

The New York newspapers were unanimously wrong. Judge Valente's action was by no means "unprecedented."

Less than a decade ago, 24 men were sent to prison in a vice case that potentially had all of the tabloid appeal of the recent trial of the wealthy young procurer. It involved names that were just as prominent — if not more so — than those contained in the "little black book" submitted by the prosecution as the list of Jelke's customers. And the proceedings delved into labyrinths of viciousness far more devious and sordid than the most lurid testimony of the demure young ladies whose activities in the world's oldest pro-

fession contributed to the ease and luxury of the oleomargarine heir.

But not one word of the proceedings leaked out to the press. Not a single city desk in the sensation-hungry metropolis was even aware of what was going on. Even today, all records in the trial remain sealed, all documents impounded.

The trial broke up, at least temporarily, one of the most bizarre blackmail rings in New York criminal annals — a well-organized group of racketeers that operated on a nationwide basis, preying on wealthy homosexuals.

Authorities estimate that the blackmailers took in at least a million dollars a year, over a period of several years. They have charged to the ring's activities the suicide of at least one socially prominent man from whom they had extorted \$85,000, and still demanded more.

Many other victims of the ruthless and insatiable extortioners are known to have fled their homes and families

and given up important jobs in order to conceal themselves from the blackmailers and the police.

The smashing of the shakedown ring, which took five years to complete, started with a more or less routine tip from a stool pigeon. According to this underworld whisper, a minor official in a branch bank had been fleeced of \$600. The victim, a timid man of middle age, was a homosexual. As it happened, the tip came to the "main office squad," in police headquarters, rather than to a local precinct detective bureau.

PRECINCT DETECTIVES, unlike the men in the main office squad, were swamped with a flood of petty complaints, all requiring attention, and under ordinary circumstances would not have had the time to track down a crime on which there was no complaint or official report. The local detectives, moreover, were reluctant to handle cases in which homosexuals were the complainants, because of the difficulty of making such cases stand up in court. They had long ago learned that in cases of assault, robbery, etc., in which the complaining witness was a homosexual, the lawyer for the defense invariably would discredit and humiliate the complainant, and the case would be thrown out of court without any chance for a complete presentation of the facts.

The stool pigeon's tip in the shakedown of the bank employee was turned over to Lieutenant George

McNulty, since retired, who recalls that things were slow around the main office that day; so he sent two of his men over to the bank to have a talk with the blackmail victim.

The bank employee became panic-stricken when the detectives identified themselves and explained the nature of their call. The trembling bank official protested that he could not possibly talk to them in his office, but agreed to meet them in a nearby restaurant during his luncheon period. He kept the appointment, but flatly refused to make a formal complaint or otherwise co-operate with the police, although freely admitting he had been shaken down — not for \$600, but for \$6,720! His job and reputation, his standing in the community, were at stake, he protested; and he would rather stand the loss of the money than the risk of exposure.

Lt. McNulty admits that this might well have been the end of it as far as his squad was concerned. But there was one angle that bothered him; the victim was an employee of a bank and the first demand in blackmail is seldom the last. The extortionists might press the victim to the point where, in utter desperation, he would turn to crime himself, to embezzling bank funds, in order to pay off. With this in mind, Lt. McNulty ordered the two detectives to pick up the bank employee when he finished work that day and bring him in for questioning.

At police headquarters the man

wept and pleaded that the case be dropped, but after hours of persuasion and repeated assurances that he would not have to testify in open court, the wretched deviate broke down and told his story.

THE PATTERN of the racket was simple, with few and minor variations, and was predicated on an abject terror of exposure; a terror so shattering that it would blind the victim to the most transparent of devices and impostures and drive him to any lengths to comply with the blackmailers' demands.

The hunting grounds of the shake-down ring were bars and restaurants which homosexuals were known to frequent. There were, in addition, other places such as railroad terminals and an area near the lake in New York's Central Park where deviates loitered. At one of these places a homosexual, known or thought to be a man of means, would be spotted by a blackmailer acting as a decoy. Usually he would be a personable youth, well-dressed and with engaging manners, whose first assignment was to strike up a conversation with the selected victim.

After striking up an acquaintance, the decoy would carefully guide the conversation to a point where the homosexual would make an indecent proposal. Then the decoy would accompany him to the latter's apartment or to a hotel. During the tryst he would acquire some object, usually engraved or monogrammed,

which could readily be identified as the property of the homosexual.

A few days later, the victim would be visited at his home or office by two men claiming to be detectives and flashing bogus badges. The phoney detectives would swiftly whip out a Police Department criminal identification form bearing a rogues' gallery photograph of the decoy with a number across his chest. These were genuine forms, probably stolen from police stations, but the photographs were made and attached by the ring. The "detectives," explaining that the youth shown in the photograph had been arrested pawning stolen goods, would ask the victim if he could identify him. The thoroughly frightened homosexual would invariably deny ever having seen the man, and he would vehemently deny ownership of the engraved or monogrammed article, obtained by the blackmailer, which was next shown to him. After considerable argument, however, the cop-impersonators would insist they had to bring him to the stationhouse for questioning.

On the way to the stationhouse, the victim would lose all control and commence frantically pleading with the two "detectives" to drop the matter; he would insist that he wished to make no complaint regarding the theft of his property.

AT THIS STAGE, one of the "detectives" would appear to be affected by the importunities of the

deviate, while his partner remained adamant. This byplay would go on for several minutes until the reluctant "officer" would finally weaken and agree that his partner might call the "lieutenant" and see if something couldn't be done to save the victim's job and reputation.

Finally, the fake cops would tell the sweating victim that there was, indeed, a way out. If he would put up the bail for the arrested decoy, they would see to it that the youth jumped bond and did not appear for trial. The whole matter would then be dropped.

The victim usually managed to obtain the "bail money" that same day or a few days later, and with a feeling of profound relief turned it over to his two friends. But his relief was short-lived, for now the "go-backs" started.

There would be visits from men representing themselves as officers assigned to the District Attorney's office, the Chief Inspector's office, the Police Commissioner's office, and some who would claim to be newspaper reporters who had stumbled across the story and were preparing to write it. All these subsequent visits were out-and-out shakedowns, with payment demanded for freedom and silence. As many as ten repeats were known to have been made on a particularly wealthy and frightened victim, with the end not in sight when the blackmailers were arrested.

It was this system of "go-backs"

that brought about the formation of an integrated blackmail ring. By merging the operations of several small, unrelated groups, the blackmailers realized a higher revenue from their activities and reduced the hazard of arrest that would have been created had the same men tried to shakedown a particular victim more than once.

The division of the pay-offs was supposedly on a percentage basis and was, in all, a fluid and inexact arrangement calling for a certain amount of trust on the part of those involved. But, if trust there was, it was sadly misplaced. It was common practice for the collector to cheat the decoys outrageously. Many bloody assaults and, it is suspected, more than one murder, resulted.

STARTING with the suspects brought in after the miserable bank employee had unburdened himself, Lt. McNulty and Herman Stichman, then an assistant district attorney and now New York State Housing Commissioner, began to unravel the tangled shakedown skein. Grilling of suspects in one case produced the names of decoys and "go-back" men in others.

Soon it became apparent to Lt. McNulty and Mr. Stichman that they were dealing not with a few shabby shakedown artists, but with a well-organized ring of blackmailers, carrying on its operations not only in New York, but in Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington,

Hollywood and the rest of Los Angeles, San Francisco, Houston, and other cities.

Then began the long, tedious task of tracking down and questioning suspects and, what was infinitely more difficult, the victims. In the ordinary run of police and prosecution work, a complaint of a crime is made, the suspect or suspects picked up, booked, and a court arraignment or grand jury presentation prepared. In these cases, however, the pattern was partly reversed.

Now it was a case of putting the cart before the horse — of bringing in the suspect on information usually supplied by an accomplice, extracting a confession, and then bringing in the victim. Getting information and co-operation from the blackmailers was a simple matter compared to that of inducing the victims to file complaints and agree to appear before the grand jury.

Almost without exception, the victims were men of wealth and some public prominence. There were bankers, industrialists, business executives, famous personalities from the entertainment world, highly respected clergymen, at least one foreign diplomat, society playboys, a noted radio sports commentator, an oil tycoon from Texas. Some were more or less obvious and notorious homosexuals, while others managed to keep their peculiar inclinations in check, except for occasional lapses, and were unsuspected by their business associates, friends, and even

by their own families, in most cases.

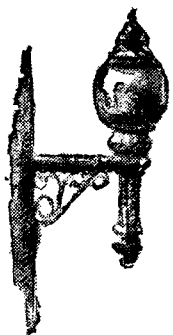
THESE desperate men often were willing to face any consequences to avoid public exposure. Those who did agree to co-operate did so only after being assured that they might use assumed names when appearing before the grand jury and that no mention of their true identities would appear in the newspapers.

"Those people gave me many sleepless nights," Mr. Stichman said. "More than one had threatened to kill himself if his name was made public, and I had nightmares about big headline news stories in which all the names appeared."

The promises of protection for the complaining witnesses were meticulously kept. Even now, years later, this writer was permitted access to records and reports containing the actual names of victims only after he had solemnly sworn never to reveal them either here in this article, or in any manner at any time.

With the single exception of one Carl Forcier, all of the 24 men indicted pleaded guilty. A number of others were never apprehended and one or two skipped bail.

Forcier alone demanded and was given a jury trial. He was found guilty and sentenced to from six to twelve years in Sing Sing. Most of these vicious blackmailers, if not all, have completed their prison terms and may once again be on the prowl for the "fair game" on which they grew so fat.



I *Don't* Like CATS

By HUGH ROBERT ORR

I AM not a lover of cats. My old tom — Hannibal, by name — who occupies a corner of my desk as I write, enjoys that privilege by special dispensation. I saved his life when he was a mere kitten, treated and bound up his wounds after a vicious dog had well-nigh made an end of him, and then nursed him back to health over a period of many weeks.

After all that, I can hardly default on the obligation. But at his demise, my responsibility will have been discharged, and I shall forthwith consider myself no longer beholden to any member of the feline tribe.

No, I *don't* like cats. I make this statement boldly and without the least sense of shame or indecency, in spite of the fact that many of my best friends regard this as some sub-human trait. This may not be a rational attitude on my part, and probably Shylock was right in arguing that there is no logical reason why any person should not be able to abide a "harmless necessary cat." I suppose every family is entitled to

at least one of these *neither* harmless nor necessary creatures, but there certainly should be a law prohibiting their neighbors from having any.

The cat problem in my family isn't so bad as it used to be, I'm happy to say. Hannibal is the only remaining representative of several generations of cats that have in years past shared our domestic felicity. The male ancestor of all these generations was a big pedigreed Siamese which my young daughter purchased with her own money, saved over a long period for that purpose.

That Siamese was a royal fellow, well worthy to sire a noble line of posterity. I have never seen another creature, man or beast, who could walk with the stately swagger, the nonchalant to-hell-with-you demeanor of that cat. My daughter named him Casanova, a cognomen which I'm sure he aspired to live up to in spite of the restraints of apartment life in the city.

We soon became very fond of the big fellow — that is to say, my wife

and daughter did. The day we brought him home in his box was a red-letter day on our calendar. We carried the box up to the living room, opened it, and graciously invited him to come forth and make himself at home. That Siamese came forth all right, but not in a manner indicative of any gratitude for our hospitality. With a fearful yowl, he made a flying leap across the room, tore down the hallway, ran into the back bedroom, and took up an embattled position under the farthest corner of the bed.

One look under that bed convinced me that the wisest policy would be one of patient, respectful waiting. That cat could have held his position against the assault of anything milder than a machine gun or a fire-hose. I'm sure he could have licked anything that looked like a dog. He could have taken them on in relays — three at a time — and it would have been mere fun for him. What I mean is — that was a CAT!

OF COURSE he finally agreed to a truce — when I shoved a plate of fish toward him with a long stick. In a week, he was romping playfully with my daughter all over the place. He was especially delighted when we had visitors. I've seen that rascal of a Siamese spring right out of the nowhere into the here and land amicably upon the shoulder of some terrified visitor. In his sportive antics, I've seen him hang by his claws upon the broad posterior of our

housemaid, whose frantic screams bespoke no good to the neighbors concerning the strange goings-on in our domicile. Of course most people couldn't understand a cat like that. They wouldn't have sense enough to realize that he was merely being sociable and democratic—a real condescension on his part.

Well do I remember the day Mrs. Atwood came to call on my wife. The ladies were sitting in the living room, chatting pleasantly. Mrs. Atwood's back was toward the partially open door that led into the study where Casanova and I happened to be. The cat was taking a nap on the back of my big chair—a favorite perch of his.

Suddenly I heard a cavernous growl and at the same time felt the slow movement of Casanova's body against the back of my head as he arose to a taut, crouching position. Looking up, I observed that Mrs. Atwood's fox fur neck-piece was dangling from her shoulders. The fox head—ears, eyes, open mouth and all—swung free and fixed its grinning visage on Casanova. With one appalling leap from the back of the chair, he landed upon that neck-piece, yanked it from the owner's shoulder, and made off down the long hallway with it, pausing once or twice to give the thing a savage mauling, and uttering the most hideous sounds ever heard outside an African jungle—or even inside one.

On another occasion we took Casanova with us to spend a weekend

in our cabin in the mountains. There we allowed him a great deal of freedom to roam. But one day he was missing. A tip from a neighbor hinted that the cat might have been picked up by a woman who lived about a mile farther up the road and who raised Siamese cats to sell. I decided to do some sleuthing.

I GOT the car out and we drove to the woman's place. We went quietly around to the back door. Sure enough, there on the rear porch stood a box with slats over the front of it, and peering out between the slats was *my cat*! He let out a dismal moan upon seeing me and I could tell that he was suffering the most extreme humiliation. At this point a yellow-haired woman in green slacks opened the door. She made a show of annoyed tolerance and asked brusquely what we wanted. When I told her that I had come to get my cat, she gave no evidence of surprise but at once assumed the offensive by threatening to have me put off the premises.

I will not go too much into detail about the argument that followed, in which she maintained that she had just bought the cat the day before and I maintained that she was a damned liar.

"My neighbor says he saw you pick up that cat right in front of my house this morning," I informed her impressively.

The slat suddenly came loose and Casanova, with a most profane snarl,

stepped forth, shook himself disdainfully, and jumped to my shoulder, purring and rubbing his big head against my face.

The woman looked very sheepish and muttered something about people who come snooping on other people's property.

"I never saw you so angry before," breathed my wife as we started back to our cabin. "I was shaking with fright. Why you looked as if you could murder that woman!"

"Blame it on the Siamese," I muttered disgustedly. "Cats are a hell of a lot of trouble one way or another — always getting you into some sort of a jam, or tearing up the upholstery, or getting stolen. Your dad's right. Cats are a nuisance."

My father-in-law doesn't like cats any better than I do. He had a dreadful experience at our house one day last summer which amply justifies his abhorrence of the troublesome creatures. He was taking a nap on the davenport in our living room. A young female Siamese we had at that time sauntered in and, finding things in a state of unbearable tranquility, decided to liven up the place. One of her stunts was to sail around the room at terrific speed, spring from one piece of furniture to another without ever touching the floor, somewhat like a flying squirrel but swifter than a California bat.

On this occasion she undertook to break all her former speed records and in one of her lightning leaps

she landed right on my father-in-law's face. The poor man jumped to the middle of the floor with a frightful yell, having no notion at first of what had hit him. In a panic we rushed him to the bathroom, washed the blood from three long scratches on his face, and poured a bottle of mercurochrome over him, which saved his life but left him looking like a painted Indian for a couple of days.

THAT summer Casanova was stolen for good. Our long-continued searching brought us no clue. We took it pretty hard—that is to say, my wife and daughter did. But that's the way it is with cats. Some people get so attached to the annoying creatures that the loss of them through theft, or accident, or distemper, or some other more or less unfortunate circumstance, is almost as bad as loosing a member of the family. Never get too fond of your cat, I tell them.

But that Casanova—he was a regal fellow! I never knew his equal. He was the kind of cat, as the poet John Heywood would say, that could “looke on a King.”

There are many reasons why I don't like cats. I am not in sympathy with their noisy nocturnal habits. They sleep all day and then spend the night prowling about the neighborhood, keeping people awake with their infernal yowling.

In the good old days when milk

was delivered in big glass bottles, things were much better. Then, when the nightly back-yard chorus began, you could get out of bed quietly, slip out to the backstairs landing, pick up the empty bottle you had set outside for the milk man (or the one your neighbor had set out), and let it fly in the direction of the squalling pests below. It was tough on the janitor, of course, who frequently had a wheelbarrow load of broken bottles to scoop up next morning.

Nowadays it's easier on the cats and harder on the poor soul who, though he may think he has earned a night's repose, must lie there hour after hour, contriving murderous designs, and realizing his utter helplessness—all this in addition to the fact that he will have to crawl out at 6:15 in the morning and attempt to conduct his daily affairs with some semblance of efficiency. Definitely, the times are out of joint.

Old Hannibal, who has been asleep here on my desk while I've been writing this, is now awake. He rises, arches his back, yawns, and stretches himself fore and aft. Then he rubs his long, sleek body against my arm. It's lunch time, he is saying in the way a cat says things to you. I can't argue with him, and he seems to know it. He's been dreadfully spoiled by my wife and daughter.

As I've always said, cats are the damndest things. I never could see why people put up with them.

☆ *the strange story* ☆ ☆ ☆
☆ ☆ ☆ *of Nicholas Trist* ☆

BY FRANK L. BAER

WARS have an odd way of lifting men from obscurity to fame. Not because men act with nobility at the proper time or display uncommon heroism. More often the ascension results from losing heads, blundering in the wrong direction, throwing discretion to the winds or getting intoxicated with power.

One such man was Nicholas Trist, whose meteoric rise began on the morning of April 10, 1847 when James Knox Polk, President of the United States, sat in the White House making a note in his diary shortly after receiving news that Vera Cruz and the castle of San Juan de Ulloa had fallen.

A recent Cabinet session had been devoted to a discussion of the advisability of sending to Mexico a commissioner empowered to "negotiate for peace." Polk supported the idea; so did the Cabinet. The Polk diary lines read:

Mr. Buchanan [Secretary of State] then suggested that Mr. N. P. Trist, the chief clerk of the Department of State, might be deputed secretly . . . to the headquarters of the Army . . . Mr. Trist, he said, was an able

man, perfectly familiar with the Spanish character and language, and . . . that he should take with him a treaty . . .

Nicholas Trist, who had studied law with Jefferson, served as Andrew Jackson's White House secretary, acted as United States consul at Havana, was chosen Polk's emissary. He was smart, shrewd, dignified, petulant and conceited; but successful when he used his head.

Armed with confidential instructions authorizing him — at his discretion — to offer Mexico \$30,000,000, for the right of transit from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific Ocean across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, provided the Rio Grande River boundary line was accepted and the provinces of New Mexico and Upper and Lower California were ceded to the United States, Trist started south six days later. He carried a letter from Buchanan to the Mexican Minister of Foreign Relations explaining the mission. Secretary of War William L. Marcy notified General Winfield Scott of Trist's coming and instructed him to deliver Buchanan's letter to the Mexican

commander with a request that it be placed before the government.

Though the New York *Herald* broke the story of Trist's mission and Polk shrieked "treachery somewhere," the envoy traveled south with his self-esteem growing. He was sure he was Polk's alter-ego. This change in the man may explain why, when he arrived in Vera Cruz on May 6, 1847, he did not report to vain, crusty, high-minded, tactless and violently-tempered General Scott. Instead, he sent a hand-picked military detachment to the military man with Buchanan's letter, Marcy's instructions, and a letter from himself.

SCOTT's eyes narrowed when he read the Marcy document. So Trist was equipped with authority to end hostilities? The general was told to see that Buchanan's sealed letter reached the Mexican government. A *sealed letter*! Scott's wrath came up. He remembered Trist; they had met in Washington. He did not like the man. Was this another Polk plot? Hadn't the President tried to make Thomas Hart Benton a lieutenant-general and put him over Scott? Now this martinet Trist had appeared . . .

From his Jalapa camp Scott wrote Trist, "I shall demand, under the peculiar circumstances, that, in your negotiations, if the enemy should entertain your overtures, you refer that question to me, and all the securities belonging to it."

Trist wrote a scorching reply. He began it May 9th, added flaming phrases on succeeding days as he moved from San Juan del Rio to Jalapa, and sent it to Scott May 21st. Afterward, he wrote Mrs. Trist to explain that there was a bad state of affairs "between myself and General Scott — decidedly the greatest imbecile (and rendered so by his utter selfishness and egregious vanity) that I ever had anything to do with. If I don't finish him I will give anybody leave to say that all the time I have passed in study has been passed in vain."

When General Scott read Trist's letter he dispatched a note to Marcy to complain. Then he replied to what he termed Trist's "farrago of insolence, conceit and arrogance," informing Buchanan's clerk that the Jacobin convention of France never sent "to one of its armies in the field a more amiable and accomplished instrument. If you were armed with an ambulatory guillotine you would be the personification of Danton, Marat, St. Just, all in one."

Although Trist was acting like a dictator, Scott had blundered by refusing to see the envoy personally. Marcy learned of this and blamed Scott for being high-handed. Polk, too, was angered. He said Scott's notes to Washington insulted both Trist and the United States Government. The President was so angry that he even threatened to have the general arrested and tried by a court martial.

BUCHANAN, in turn, reprimanded Trist for issuing orders to Scott; and Marcy told Scott he had failed to carry out State Department instructions. Polk said the affair was "wretched" and deplored the fact "these two officers are engaged in a violent personal correspondence." But he was wrong, utterly and completely wrong; the peak of ludicrous fantasy had been reached.

Nicholas P. Trist and General Winfield Scott were bosom friends!

The impossible had taken place in this fashion:

During the exchange of letters Trist had been taken ill. General Persifor F. Smith advised Scott (for what reason, history never stated). The information reached the crusty commander on July 6th — three days before Polk called the affair "wretched" — and Scott sent Smith a package with this note attached:

My dear sir:

Looking over my stores, I find a box of Guava marmalade which, perhaps, the physician may not consider improper to make a part of the diet of your sick companion.

Yrs. very truly

Winfield Scott

Genl. P. F. Smith July 6, 1847."

Presto! Nicholas Trist recovered. Not only that but he leaped — figuratively — into the arms of Scott. Sweetness and light brought this pair of *deadly enemies* together in one of the most bizarre friendships in history. So complete was the reconciliation that they instantly placed

each other's judgment far above that of Buchanan or Marcy — and beyond that of Polk!

Without hesitating, Scott and Trist tried to bribe the Mexican government to agree to treaty negotiations.

Scott's chief officers — Pillow, Quitman, Twiggs, Shields, and Cadwalader — supported this unorthodox scheme. So Trist, with unanimity attained, advised Marcy what had been done. Scott, meanwhile, was in the thick of military activity, for no truces had been signed. The American army advanced toward Mexico City, and Santa Anna pulled back his battered ranks.

THEN came an armistice and Trist met certain Mexican diplomats on September 1, 1847 to discuss treaty terms. The isthmus transit proposal was rejected but Mexico, for certain considerations, was agreed to yielding Upper California and New Mexico.

Armistice news reached Washington and Polk's temper flared. He said the Mexicans had agreed to a pause in fighting so they might reorganize their forces and prolong the war. None the less, he said he would wait until October 4th for word that Trist had signed a treaty. When such news failed to arrive, the President decided to recall the chief clerk and advised Marcy to inform Scott "to levy contributions upon the enemy and make them as far as practicable defray the expenses of the war."

The armistice period ended and

Scott's troops went to victory at Molina de Ray and Chapultepec. Mexico City fell.

Trist, meanwhile, had decided to accept the notice of recall. He wasn't happy to receive it but he wrote Mrs. Trist, late in November: "I have bid adieu *forever* to official life. This decision is irrevocable." And he requested her to make clear to Buchanan that he, Nicholas Trist, could no longer keep his department post or "have anything to do with Mr. Polk."

Perhaps as an afterthought, he penned Buchanan a letter — sixty-five pages in length — in which he set forth his opinion of Polk's powers and Polk's mind. In this missive he accused General Pillow, one of Scott's staff officers, of sending private messages to Polk and even compared Pillow with Santa Anna, for whom Trist held nothing but contempt.

Polk had scarcely recovered from these two shocks when Buchanan arrived at the White House to announce that Trist *defied* the order of recall, that the man fully intended to go through with treaty negotiations. Buchanan also brought the sixty-five-page letter so that Polk could read the Trist opinions at leisure.

No one ever knew why Nicholas Trist changed his mind about abiding by the notice of recall. Perhaps his conceit and fondness for dominating the center of the stage urged him to continue his conferences with the

Mexicans. Trist forced the issue though the chief clerk was tired, petulant, and over-strained. Arguments were frequent and many. Suddenly, Trist's patience ended and he told Mexican officials that negotiations would end unless a treaty was signed by February 1, 1848.

He won — hands down!

By February 2nd all details were arranged and treaty texts in two languages, English and Spanish, were ready. The negotiators moved from Queretaro to Guadalupe Hidalgo, where signatures were affixed.

The Rio Grande was the Texas boundary. The United States got Upper California and New Mexico. Mexico got \$15,000,000. Claims of American citizens against Mexico and other unadjusted claims were to be assumed by the United States. The Isthmus of Tehuantepec transit was not granted.

The fantastic farce was nearing a final curtain. A sputter of debate followed in both houses of Congress because Polk was, by this time, in an ill-tempered mood. Time rolled on, and on March 10, 1848, James Knox Polk, back before his diary, wrote:

About ten o'clock, P.M., Mr. Dickens, the Secretary of the Senate, brought me official notice that the Mexican treaty had just been ratified by the Senate by a vote of 38 ayes to 14 nays, four Senators not voting.

The play had closed. And, as it did, Nicholas P. Trist, without a single bow to his audience or his opponents, stepped out of history.



Books In Review

BY FRANK S. MEYER

THE magic aura which surrounded the physical and biological sciences in the nineteenth century has passed to psychology in the twentieth century. Our Western world, drunk with its command over inanimate matter and dazzled by its success in lowering the death rate, has but one world left to conquer — the souls of men. If, so the argument runs, the irrational and evil impulses of men could but be brought under control, perfection could be achieved. But to extend the methods of science to men, it is necessary to treat men as things, as scientific objects. With all our emphasis on psychological investigation, we have forgotten to remember what man is.

This, it would seem, is the meaning of Vercors' amusing story, **You Shall Know Them** (Little, Brown, \$3.50). What is man? The question has perplexed philosophers, but so far as I know never a jury, nor the House of Commons, nor a Royal Commission. What happens when it

does is the subject matter of this fable. A scientific expedition discovers a community of creatures midway between the anthropoid ape and man, the "missing link." Are they men or are they animals? An academic question, to begin with, but a case for British justice when killing enters the picture. Is it murder? The killing of an animal is not murder, but the killing of a human being is. The only way to decide is to have a definition of a human being.

But judge, jury, and Her Majesty's Government discover, to their varying degrees of amusement, bewilderment and horror that man has never been defined legally — not even by the French, that nation of precisionists. Vercors, who is French himself, draws everything that can be drawn from the absurd frustration of the situation. But he does not yield to the usual temptation of the French to ascribe to the British character foibles which are universal in essence. Reactions of the French,

not to say the American press, to the quandary of British justice are equally ludicrous and baffled.

The book is touched throughout by a tender love story, from which comes the most luminous of the several solutions offered by the author toward a definition of man. Frances, the heroine, says: "Humanity is not a state we suffer. It's a dignity we must strive to win. A dignity full of pain and sorrow. Won, no doubt, at the price of tears." The tone and the outlook of the book is gently sceptical, but the solutions indicated are deeply spiritual. Whatever man is, he is not simply "a part of nature." There is a special dignity implicit in his struggles to understand what he is and what is the meaning of his life.

Vercors has unerringly exposed that which distorts the great part of the sociological and psychological writing and thinking of our time. This kind of inhuman thinking about human beings is spreading in our midst. As yet, however, its results, in the West, are foreboding but not disastrous; mothers inhibited in the natural exercise of the maternal instinct by books on child psychology; employers beset by personnel-relations men; educators forgetting to educate while they "adjust" their students.

THE real masters of the impious perversion of a science of man are on the other side of the Iron Curtain. Our most iconoclastic West-

ern thinkers are still living on the moral capital of a great civilization, the work of generation upon generation. Their one-sided investigations have something of the nature of playing with ideas. But the toys of a civilization become the weapons of barbarians, and the toy they are playing with is loaded. Czeslaw Milosz' **The Captive Mind** (Knopf, \$3.50) testifies how death-dealing that load is.

A Polish writer who, for love of his country and the desire to remain with his people, co-operated for a short time with the Communist regime in Poland, he is now in exile in Paris. He has made the finest analysis I have yet seen of the sources of Communist power in the lands they dominate. Written with a restrained sardonicism, biting in its humor, and with a hatred of tyranny which is exhilarating, it digs deep into the modes of appeal and control of which the Soviets dispose.

It is a tyranny, Mr. Milosz emphasizes again and again, which operates not only through physical power but first of all through control of the human mind. "Never before has there been such enslavement through consciousness as in the twentieth century. . . . In the people's democracies, a battle is being waged for mastery over the human spirit."

How this is done, how men of different characteristics become slaves and operatives of the machine, is illustrated in four full-length por-

traits, the heart of the book. Their experiences, their personalities, differ sharply one from another; and, with the touch of a fine story teller, Mr. Milosz makes them live as men. But one thing they all have in common: a fear of freedom which "is nothing more than fear of the void. 'There is nothing in man,' said a friend of mine, a dialectician. 'He will never extract anything out of himself, because there is nothing there. . . . Remember that man is a function of social forces. Whoever wants to be alone will perish.'"

Mr. Milosz goes on to say: "To-day man believes there is *nothing* in him, so he accepts *anything*, even if he knows it to be bad, in order to find himself at one with others, in order not to be alone. . . . Perhaps it is better for him . . . to submit to pressure and thus feel that he *is*, than to take a chance on the wisdom of past ages which maintains that man is a creature of God. . . . But suppose one should try . . . to challenge fate, to say: 'If I lose, I shall not pity myself' . . . then it is not true that there is nothing in man. To take this risk would be an act of faith."

Toward the Ant Heap

The Communists play upon man's modern lack of faith in himself as an entity spiritually alive — an attitude which is the end product of applying to man, singly and in society, the techniques of the materialist sciences. Into the vacuum cre-

ated by the destruction of man's being, they come with flags flying, to say: "Here, we can give you a meaning for life. Become part of the collective, a cell in the social organism, and you will no longer be alone." No, neither alone nor any longer, in the true sense, human. The end toward which the process moves, if it were possible in the long run so to transform human beings, is the ant heap or the beehive.

Luckily, they are wrong about man; and the existence of such books as Mr. Milosz', the revolt of the people of East Germany, the flight of hundreds of thousands from behind the Iron Curtain, prove it. It is disturbing, however, that, with the solid historical and political evidence in front of us in the shape of a monstrous tyranny covering half the earth, so many of our best minds and most devoted thinkers, good men undoubtedly all of them, fail to see the portents and drive straight ahead, in the name of science, to the progressive dehumanization of man.

A LEARNED and witty physiologist, W. Grey Walter, in **The Living Brain** (Norton, \$3.95) writes a book presenting to the layman the latest discoveries in brain physiology, and in particular the results of the very recent work with the electro-encephalograph, which records rhythms of electrical activity in the brain. Excellent. An illuminating and valuable book. But why does Dr. Walter find it necessary to

insist that the human mind is simply the material brain, that all that human beings have known about themselves in the thousands of years of recorded history is as nothing compared to the information that has been gained in ten years from his machine? Why does he find it necessary to propagandize, subtly but definitely, for the classification and control of the lives of people on the basis of their "brain prints," their electro-encephalographic recordings?

Then, we have two books concerned with the poignant contemporary problem of loneliness — a very important factor, as Mr. Milosz shows, in opening the road to Communist success. Yet, neither Paul Halmos' **Solitude and Privacy** (Philosophical Library, \$4.75) nor Margaret Mary Wood's **Paths of Loneliness** (Columbia, \$3.75) seems to have the most remote understanding of the human beings with whom they are dealing in any terms other than as units in a social mechanism. Miss Wood, it is true, contents herself largely with an "objective" classification and description of the types of lonely individuals, interlarded with an occasional, judicious, social-workerish sermon on the responsibility of society and the individual to "integrate the isolated." But it is clear that fundamentally, like Mr. Halmos, she regards loneliness as a somewhat disgraceful breach in the smooth surface of the social order.

Mr. Halmos makes no bones about it. He considers individualism a "pathological difficulty of social life" and is concerned with what measures of psychological therapy or political reform can be taken to wipe it out. He is highly critical of socialism and psychoanalysis because both of these outlooks regard the destruction of individualism as mere by-products of their Utopias, not the "central problem," not "a cause in its own right." With a blasphemy, unusual even in our day, he proclaims: "Man's salvation lies in the transcendence of his loneliness." It would appear that the unanimous verdict of all the higher religions — "The Kingdom of God is within you" — has been based on insufficient socio-psychological knowledge.

The Thumb and the Soul

It is astounding how far this way of looking at men can be taken. Although little known to the general public because he wrote little, Harry Stack Sullivan has been one of the most influential psychiatrists of recent times through his teaching and other activities. Since his death in 1949, his lectures and unpublished papers have been collected and are now being published. **The Interpersonal Theory of Psychiatry** (Norton, \$5.00) is the first result of that effort.

It is a most extraordinary book, as might be expected from the author of a paper called "The Illusion of Personal Individuality." Dr. Sul-

livan's theory is a deviation from the Freudian, but a deviation not away from but deeper into the Freudian tendency to disintegrate and depreciate the personality. The foundation of his theory of man is that man does not exist. We are all the product of "interpersonal relations."

When the infant sucks his thumb, he begins the discovery that there is some difference between himself and the surrounding world. This blossoms out through similar experiences, says Dr. Sullivan, into an idea which is the source of all our ills, the erroneous notion that we are individuals. "... it is this pattern 'my body,' which has so much to do with the very firmly entrenched feelings of independence, of autonomous entity, if you please, which have been a great handicap to the development of a grasp on interpersonal relations, and which are behind what I have for many years called the delusion of unique individuality . . . this extraordinary pattern of experience characterized by 'my' [has] later elaborations which are vicious and misleading in complicating human interpersonal relations." It is hard to get rid of the soul!

It might be observed, of course, that longer human experience than that of Dr. Sullivan's generation of psychological researchers would indicate that the soul has a rather less mundane source than thumb-sucking. This pride in the importance of their newly discovered empirical

facts and this contempt for the wisdom of the past, particularly spiritual wisdom, is characteristic of the scientistic outlook of the age. Scientism has nothing to do with science as such. It is rather a cancerous invasion of science into areas where its useful and beneficent function turns into an erratic and malignant force, because its concepts and methods have moved outside of their proper sphere.

IT is significant that of all the psychological schools, the Jungian is the least known and the most sneered at today. Yet C. G. Jung is the one outstanding psychologist who, despite his greatness as an empirical scientist, has never forgotten that the scientific method is effective only within its limits and that there are other modes of knowledge and insight at least equally necessary to understanding.

It is particularly welcome, therefore, that two such excellent books for the general reader as Ira Progoff's **Jung's Psychology and Its Social Meaning** (Julian Press, \$5.00) and **God and the Unconscious** by Victor White, O. P. (Regnery, \$4.00) have appeared. The unfamiliarity of Jung's approaches and method makes it rather difficult for the uninitiated reader to grasp his central concepts without guidance. Those insights are exactly what the thinking public needs to counteract the aridities of most contemporary psychologizing. They put the obser-

variations of the modern psychology of the unconscious ("depth psychology") into perspective with the myths, beliefs and faith of previous centuries. For, as Mr. Progoff says, "Of all the major depth psychologists, Jung stands out as the only one who has interpreted the unconscious in terms of the spiritual nature of man."

As Mr. Progoff and Father White show, each in his different way, the result of the acceptance of man in his entirety frees Jung's psychology from "reductionism," from the drive to reduce complexity to a single set of more or less mechanical factors. Freud sees man as a bunching of biological factors; Adler conceives him as a glorified power-instinct; and Sullivan and others of his inclination allow him only the existence of a cell which takes its meaning and being from the social organism of which it is a part.

The individual human being, who at times seems almost to disappear in psychological thinking, is the very center of Jung's view of man. And this is true in spite of, or perhaps because of, Jung's pre-occupation with the "collective unconscious," about which so much nonsense has been talked by critics who seem never to have read Jung. "Individuation" is for him the vital process in the development of personality. This hammering out of the self between the conscious mind and the pressures of the inherited unconscious gives a balance and a many-

sided meaning to his picture of man and the universe.

It is hard to know which of these two books to recommend more highly as an introduction to Jung's thinking. Father White's brilliant treatment is perhaps the more profound, and he approaches Jungian psychology primarily from a religious point of view, although he is also a scholar of psychology. Mr. Progoff's book is more systematic and is directed toward presenting Jung's ideas to a more secular-minded audience.

ONE of the obstacles to an understanding of Jung's thought has been the lack of an adequate edition of his writings in English, particularly of translations of his later works, which embody his finest and richest thought. The announcement by the Bollingen Foundation of the publication of the **Collected Works of C. G. Jung**, under the imprint of Pantheon Books, promises handsomely to remedy this lack. The series will eventually comprise eighteen volumes, and, very wisely, those volumes which are not available in English will have precedence in order of publication.

The first two to appear are Volume VII, **Two Essays on Analytical Psychology** (tentatively, \$3.75) and Volume XII, **Psychology and Alchemy** (\$5.00) — excellent choices. *Two Essays* is the fullest statement of Jung's earlier position, and *Psychology and Alchemy* one of the great

products of his latest stage. Only the latter volume is at hand as this is written, but if the rest of the series is as well edited and magnificently presented and illustrated as this volume (and at so moderate a price), it will be one of the great publishing contributions of the next few years.

To the "enlightened" it might appear that any serious consideration of the images and concepts of alchemy is absurd traffic with a medieval superstition. Jung's ability to draw meaning out of the glowing myths and sometimes stuttered insights of other ages than our own is the mark of his deeply humane and catholic sensitivity. He knows what many have found out under his guidance, that there is a strange medicine for the modern soul in a relaxed and reverent approach to the myths which have embodied men's most profound and most tremulous visions of existence.

A sympathetic and appealing presentation of the myths of various peoples and civilizations has been undertaken in a series under the general editorship of Joseph Campbell, the author of *The Hero with a Thousand Faces*. The first two of this series are **The Gods of the Greeks** by C. Kerényi (Thames & Hudson, \$4.75) and **Divine Horsemen, The Living Gods of Haiti** by Maya Deren (Thames & Hudson, \$4.75). Each of them does an excellent job in its field, presenting its stories in an adult but not specialized nor technical manner.

Art Books

Many more books appear each month which should be reviewed than there can conceivably be room to consider. This last publishing year has seen in particular a number of art books of great beauty. The best I can do is to call the attention of those interested to some of the most outstanding.

Bernard Berenson's wise and inspired text of **The Italian Painters of the Renaissance** (Phaidon, \$7.50) is exhaustively illustrated with more than 400 plates, a considerable number of them excellent color reproductions. A book of a rather different kind is Jacques Maritain's **Creative Intuition in Art and Poetry** (Pantheon, \$6.50), his Mellon lectures, interpretations from a Catholic and Thomist point of view of the essence of art, verbal and pictorial. Relevant to a point raised above, Paul Radin and James Johnson Sweeney have assembled in **African Folktales and Sculpture** (Pantheon, \$8.50) a collection of tales and myths profusely illustrated with reproductions of Negro sculpture, a striking volume. But by far the most beautiful book that I have seen this year is **Art in the Ice Age** by Johannes Maringer and Hans-Georg Bandi (Praeger, \$12.50).

The text is rather learned, but those who are not concerned need pay no attention. The illustrations, a gratifying number in color, are breath-takingly magnificent.

In Brief

As with art books, so with others. But where there is insufficient space, a brief mention may prove of some service to readers. First, for two very useful practical books. **A Critical History of Children's Literature** by Cornelia Meigs and others (Macmillan, \$7.50) is probably not primarily intended as a practical guide to parents, but it serves that function very well. It both recalls from childhood enjoyment the titles that one may have forgotten, and presents, with discrimination and some description, many others. It is perhaps a little annoying to find, after a long discussion of real masterpieces, that the last section is entitled "The Golden Age, 1920-1950." As far as one can see, this is only because of the sheer quantity of largely synthetic and mediocre children's books published during this period.

Another book of immediate value to parent, homeowner, gardener, farmer, businessman, and the general citizen is **A Popular Guide to Government Publications** by W. Philip Leidy (Columbia, \$3.00). Whatever one may think of the moral and political virtue of the sums of government money spent on publication of pamphlets and booklets, they do exist, they are available at extraordinarily reasonable prices, and since the taxpayer pays for them, he might as well take advantage of them.

Two popular books on scientific

subjects, though of very different merit, deserve consideration, **The Revolution in Physics** by Louis de Broglie (Noonday, \$4.50) is a clear and non-technical discussion of the theory of quanta, which has been of equal importance with relativity theory in the development of modern physics. There have been a number of excellent popular treatments of relativity, but this is the first such presentation on quantum theory. It is a thoroughly good book. George Gamow's **Mr. Tompkins Learns The Facts of Life** (Cambridge, \$2.75), on the other hand, presents the basic elements of biology in a kittenish style which distracts from the intrinsic interest of the material. It is a pity, because Mr. Gamow's earlier popularizations of mathematics and astronomy were really excellent books.

And finally, a few of the season's novels of merit: **The Man without Qualities** by Robert Musil (Coward-McCann, \$4.00) — the opening section of the monumental work by the great Austrian writer, a rich novel of broad sweep. James Baldwin's **Go Tell It On The Mountain** (Knopf, \$3.50) — a lyrical statement of true dignity about the lives of ordinary and simple people and about some of the most complex problems of human character and relationships. **Mr. Nicholas** by Thomas Hinde (Farrar, \$3.00) — an acid portrait, skillfully written; its lack of compassion and forbearance might be laid to the youth of the author.

Alco **VALVE COMPANY**

Designers and Manufacturers of
"ENGINEERED AUTOMATIC CONTROLS"

for the air conditioning and refrigeration industry — a bulwark of our American economy, serving in countless essential ways to protect food and materials and promote health and happiness.



ALCO VALVE COMPANY

865 Kingsland Avenue

St. Louis 5, Missouri

"WEBER"

*This Name Represents Character
and Quality to Your Dentist*

The Weber Dental Manufacturing Company has been continuously manufacturing dental office equipment of the highest quality since 1906.

Through the years "WEBER" has kept pace with your dentist and the dental industry in order to serve YOU.

WEBER X-Rays—

For precise radiographic diagnosis.

WEBER Dental Chairs—

For comfort of the patient and efficiency of the doctor.

WEBER Dental Units—

For operating convenience.

GUARD YOUR HEALTH! See your dentist at least twice
each year!

THE WEBER DENTAL MANUFACTURING COMPANY
CANTON, OHIO and Dealers in Major Cities

A BOOK LIST FOR RESPONSIBLE AMERICANS

(Selected this month by James Burnham, author of
"CONTAINMENT OR LIBERATION? An Inquiry Into U. S. Foreign Policy")

This is a list of recent books that Communists and anti-anti-Communists want to keep YOU from reading. These books are responsible, informative and exciting. They will enable you to understand Soviet "peace offensives" and the men who make them. You will find each book a rewarding reading adventure.

Three books that explain the nature and strategy of World Communism:

1. **THE SOCIOLOGY & PSYCHOLOGY OF COMMUNISM**—Jules Monnerot (Beacon)..... \$6.00
2. **A CENTURY OF CONFLICT**—Stefan T. Possony (Regnery)..... 7.50
3. **THE ORGANIZATIONAL WEAPON**—Philip Selznik (McGraw)..... 5.00

Two warm and powerful novels:

4. **THE TIME OF THE ASSASSINS**—Godfrey Blunden (Lippincott).. 3.75
5. **BROTHERHOOD OF FEAR**—Robert Ardrey (Random)..... 3.00

Three remarkable stories of personal experience:

6. **RED MASQUERADE: UNDERCOVER FOR THE F.B.I.**—Angela Calomiris (Lippincott)..... \$3.00
7. **NO SECRET IS SAFE**—Mark Tannen (Farrar, Straus & Young).... 3.50
8. **THE ACCUSED**—Alexander Weissberg (Simon & Schuster)... 4.00

Two amazing accounts of Soviet agents:

9. **ASSASSINS AT LARGE**—Hugh Dewar (Beacon)..... 3.00
10. **OUT OF RED CHINA**—Shaw-tong (Little, Brown)..... 4.00

Any book listed above, or any other U.S. published book in print, supplied by return mail. We pay the postage—You pay only the bookstore price. **No. C.O.D.'s please.**

THE BOOKMAILER, 46 CEDAR ST., N. Y. 5, N. Y.

Please mail books circled below, to:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 Amt. encl. \$.....

NAME.....
(Please PRINT)

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE....STATE.....
(N. Y. C. residents add 3% sales tax) AM

A SERVICE OF

the Bookmailer

46 CEDAR ST., N. Y. 5, N. Y.

- Books By Mail—
Anywhere in the World
- We Pay the Postage
- You Pay Only the Bookstore Price

See this page next month for selections by Ralph de Toledano